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The Chap-Book

SEMI-MONTHLY

Vol. VII, No. 11

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NOTICE—Messrs. Herbert S. Stone & Company have just published MR. HENRY JAMES's new and important novel, entitled "**WHAT MAISIE KNEW.**" It is especially interesting as being Mr. James's first study of child-life.

WHAT MAISIE KNEW

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THE LONDON CHRONICLE, in a review of the book headed "A GREAT NOVEL," has the following to say:

It is impossible, hot as we are from the first reading of it, to give anything like an adequate appreciation of this new book by Mr. Henry James. It is a work of art so complex, so many-colored, so variously beautiful, that one must get it in a certain perspective of time before one shall find a formula that may even partly express it. For the present, the most we can attempt is to set down a few of the more immediate—perhaps, therefore, of the more superficial—impressions it has left upon us. It is as if one came from one's first intimate communion with a new immortal; for each new work of art achieved—is it not a new immortal? One is bewildered, one is a little intoxicated. The splendid voice still rings in one's ears, the splendid emotions still vibrate in one's heart, but one is not yet ready to explain or to translate them. Indeed, the ultimate emotion set vibrating in our hearts by a supreme work of art is never explicable or translatable—any more than love and faith are explicable or translatable. Who can explain or translate the emotion we feel in listening to music? Music being the absolute, the elemental art, for that reason serves best to illustrate an elemental truth about art.

But it must be admitted at the outset that "What Maisie Knew" is not a novel for tired minds or for second-best moments. It is not a novel for the railway carriage. It is not to be picked up as a restorative by the man jaded after a hard day in the city. It is a novel that addresses itself to our freshest intelligence, and demands our most alert perceptions. We must give it, as the phrase is, our "best attention." If we give less than that, we shall receive less than nothing; we shall miss the shadows, and to miss the shadows, in work like Mr. James's, is doubly to miss the substance. We must give much, because the artist has given much. The artist has understood what would seem a self-evident proposition, if ninety-nine in every hundred people who write books did not ignore it or dispute it. He has understood that the art of literature is the art of expression—not of approximate expression, but of final, perfect expression. He has understood that if you do not express your intention with finality, you do not express it at all; you express another intention, an intention that may approach, that may resemble the intention you aimed at expressing, but is necessarily not identical with it. Mr. James, therefore, bestows upon his every sentence, his every image, his every word, his every comma, an infinite consideration, so that these may form the living, perfect incarnation of his thought. That, then, is his art, the art of expression; our art must be the art of comprehension. It takes two to make a masterpiece; and Mr. James's delightful labor will be wasted upon us if we are not prepared to add to it delightful labor of our own. For the things Mr. James sees are not obvious things; they are immensely subtle things, they are elusive, evanescent. To render them visible to other eyes than his own, he must employ a subtle medium and then the other eyes must be at pains to look.

"What Maisie Knew" is the revelation of the inmost secret soul of a little girl; a revelation all tenderness, all sympathy, all exquisite insight and understanding. But the inmost secret soul of a little girl is not a spirit that can be evoked by common methods. It will not step out into the daylight of the streets. It cannot show itself in the primary colors. It will show itself only in the tempered light of a sanctuary, in colors that are dim and transparent. So the soul of Maisie has shown itself to the artist who has wrought her portrait for us. He has wrought her portrait in transparent grey and rose; and every touch of his hand upon that portrait is as gentle and as loving as a caress. But—the Germans have said it—"das Sehen muss gelernt sein." The transparent grey and rose of Maisie's portrait do not "jump at the eyes." One must learn to see them. One must gaze long and intently, till at last the spirit of the little girl shines out, pure and sensitive, graceful and beautiful.

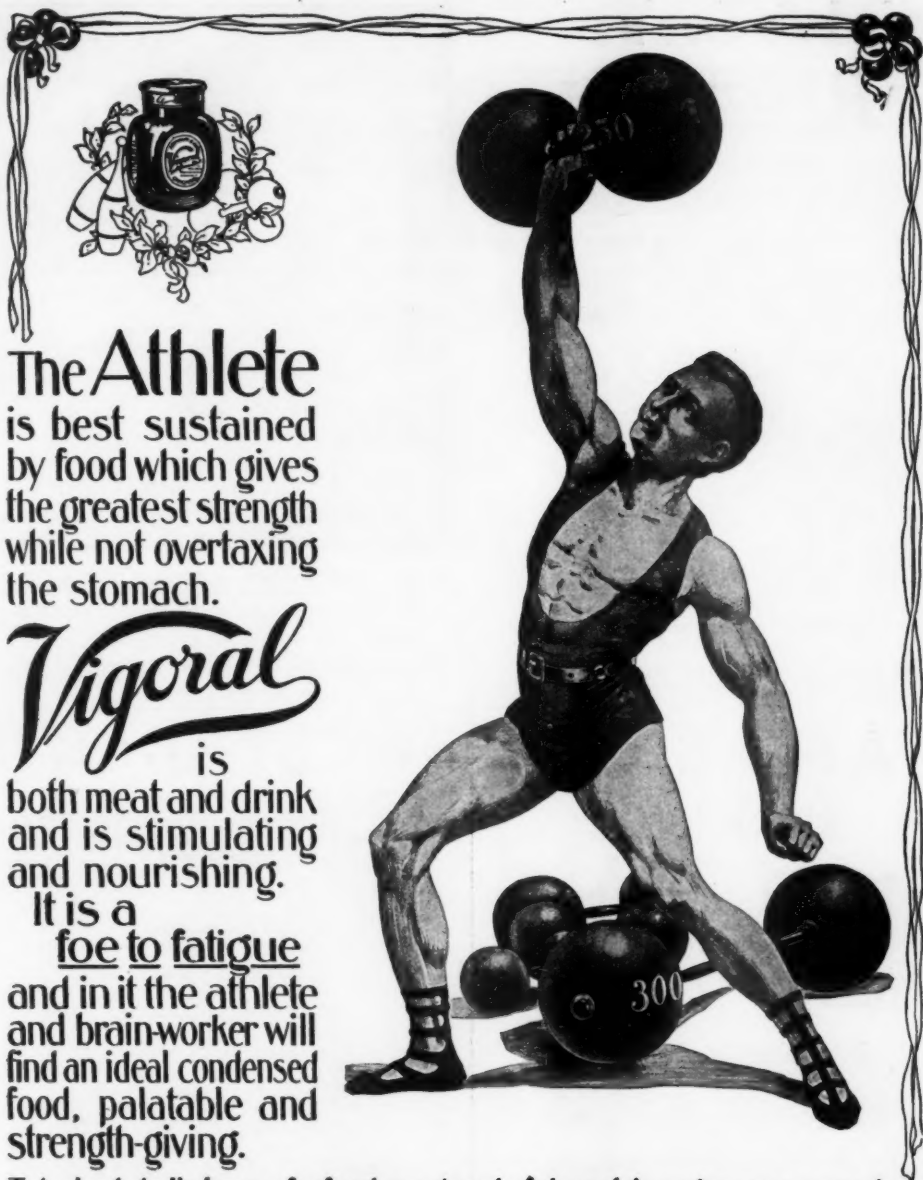
What Maisie knew was, briefly, the pitiable circumstances in which her helpless young life found itself, the tragical questions and responsibilities by which her young life was perplexed. Maisie's father and mother were divorced, and each had married again, and the second wife and the second husband were by way of being lovers. Then these entirely selfish, entirely human elders tried to use the child's innocence as a tool for the attainment of ends that were as little innocent as might be. Out of this situation Mr. James extracts the significance, the whole significance, and nothing but the significance, presenting it with the humor which is the essence of pathos, with the pathos that makes you smile through your tears. From the child's first terrified fragmentary glimpses, guesses, when "life was like a long, long corridor with rows of closed doors," through the inevitable growth of her knowledge, to the vision hideously complete and certain which came at last, the story mounts, like the ascending movement of a symphony, ever more poignant and more poignant, ever deeper and stronger. And if you punctuate it by the way with outbursts of applause for its consummate art, at the end you are breathless and silent, forgetting that it is art, remembering only that it is life, discerning only "infinite passion and the pain of finite hearts that yearn."

Yes, it is life. Maisie's mother, with her hard eyes and her painted lips, her father with his great glossy beard and his famous teeth; bold, handsome Mrs. Beale; weak, good-natured Sir Claude, the kind-eyed captain, the moustachio'd countess, the shabby guardian-angel, poor Mrs. Wix, with her "straighteners"; they are all alive, and Maisie lives beautiful and unspotted among them. There is not a moment when our conviction is shaken, not a moment when we say to ourselves, "After all, it is only fiction." It is life, it is human life, with the flesh and blood and the atmosphere of life; it is English life, it is the very life of London. But it is not what they call "realism." It is life seen, felt, understood, and interpreted by a rich imagination, by an educated temperament; it is life with an added meaning; it is life made rhythmic; it is life sung in high melodious prose; and that, it seems to us, is the finest romance.

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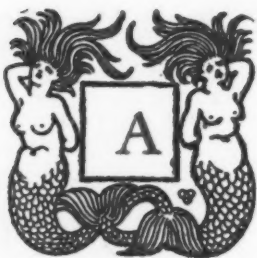
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Vol. VII, No. 11

Semi-Monthly

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Contents for October 15, 1897

NOTES	383
CORRESPONDENCE	
DU MAURIER'S "MUSIC AND DEATH"	390
A REVIEWER'S REPLY	390
A SONG OF CASHMERE	THOMAS WALSH 390
THE PHILOSOPHIC ROMANCE	
RUSSELL PATTERSON	JACOBUS 391
AMONG THE ASPENS	BLISS CARMAN 393
THE SMART SET	CLYDE FITCH 393
A NOCTURNE	RALPH JOHNSON 397
OUT OF THE HOUSE OF BONDAGE	
GERTRUDE B. MILLARD	397
THE DILETTANTE IN MUSIC	
VANCE THOMPSON	399
THE BETTER LOT	MADISON CAWEIN 401
REVIEWS	
THROUGH FRENCH LORNETTES	401
THOMAS AND MATTHEW ARNOLD	401
AN INHUMAN BOOK	403
BROWNING	404
IN THE LAND OF SUNRISE	405
WILD NEIGHBORS	406
SUPPLEMENT	
THE PALETTE OF LOCAL COLOR	419
THE MARTIAN: AN APOLOGY	421
MRS. JARLEY'S SUCCESSOR	422
VIVID SKETCHES	423
CLARK RUSSELL	423
THE PATIENT WEST	424
THE SERVANT'S HANDBOOK	TO
COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE	424
BY BOUTET DE MONVEL	425
IN AIR	425
THE LADY BETTY STAIR	425
MISS WILKINS'S VERSE	425
BOOKS RECEIVED	426

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NOTES

POLITICAL

SINCE THE APPEARANCE of our last issue the political situation in New York has taken on a fresh color through the nomination of Henry George by the true-blue silver men as their candidate for mayor. This is not a new honor for the single-tax leader. Eleven years ago he was one of the heroes of a three-cornered fight, in which the other two champions were the late Mr. Hewitt, and Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. George received what the newspapers called a "respectable vote." The vote for Mr. Roosevelt was more respectable. The vote for Hewitt was not particularly respectable, but it was very, very large. Politicians recall that the New York *Sun*, temporarily in charge of one of Mr. Dana's vicars, was disposed at first to take a neutral stand in the canvass, rejoicing that no other city in the United States could choose a mayor from such distinguished company. But this mood did not last long. Mr. Dana studied the situation, and threw all his strength for Hewitt, not because the democratic candidate was a good man, but because his candidacy bore the endorsement of various disreputable organizations.

This year General Tracy will enjoy the doubtful honor of the *Sun's* support. This is precisely as it should be, for, although there are other vicious candidates in the field, Tracy's candidacy is by far the most vicious. In a three-cornered fight, with Mr. George harassing Tammany Hall, Mr. Low might win. But at the present moment it seems impossible to defeat Van Wyck when the "straight republican strength" is concentrated in support of General Tracy, with the more or less open authority of the national administration. Those who are acquainted with the domestic virtues of Mr. McKinley will find it hard to believe that the president would lend sanction to a political conspiracy, whose only possible end is the re-establishment of a system of public plunder based upon the blackmail of unfortunate women. But this is the fact, and it must be traced to the president's indifference to the subject of municipal reform. He has spent his whole life in a country town, and the problems that beset the citizens of a great city are as remote from his mind as the political issues of the Martian people. His eyes might be opened to the facts if the people of

New York were to display genuine interest in Mr. Low's candidacy. But it is unfortunately true that the improvements that have resulted from the overthrow of Tammany have not impressed the multitude half as much as the Raines act restrictions and the absurd attempts to correct the social evil—all of which are charged to the "reformers." Open saloons and "personal liberty" are much more inviting to New York than clean streets and justice, and Colonel Waring is most admired in parts of the city for which he has done least.

THE RESTORATION OF SAGASTA to the government from which he was ejected in 1895 has caused an extraordinary change of face on the part of the warlike American newspapers. The journals that were most strident in demanding war at any price have found in the new premier a herald of peace. Great is Sagasta, the "liberal," the wise, the just, the merciful, the generous! He will "emancipate Cuba." He will "fork it over to the United States." Strange that a brutalized, ignorant, weak, cowardly, helpless, Roman Catholic, bull-fighting nation like Spain should possess such a marvel of far-seeing statesmanship as this Sagasta! Yet Sagasta is no more than an adroit politician, far less courageous and high-minded than Canovas. This ex-revolutionist will follow where the crowd leads. Those who applaud his magnanimity have not reflected that he was premier during two of the most distressing years of the Cuban war before this one, and that he failed to exhibit those altruistic qualities that the American newspapers now ascribe to him. It is a great misfortune that the policy of our government in this matter should be influenced by irresponsible ignorance. Mr. McKinley, we are informed on the faith of one of his most intimate advisers, insisted in his note to General Woodford that "public opinion" controls administrative action in this country. "Public opinion" on the Cuban question, as heard through the newspapers, is founded upon the fiction that Spain is pulseless and cowardly, that she has no navy or army, that she is incapable of defence against foreign aggression. With three or four exceptions our journalists have insisted on these points, and no one has had the courage or knowledge to declare that Spain is neither weak nor timid, and that her people generally regard the United States as "a boneless giant," powerless to do more than appear awful. It has been fortunate for the peace of the world that Canovas' imperious nature rose above the fanaticism of the Spanish mob. Sagasta, "the liberal," is far more liable to be influenced by "public opinion" to the cost of both Spain and the United States.

THE PERSISTENCY OF THE REPORTS of the pope's ill-health, however persistently denied by the vatican, has aroused much speculation as to the papal succession. For many years Leo XIII,

physically but a shadow, has clung to life with a tenacity that attests the vigor of his spirit. Long ago a western scout and "squaw-man" who enjoyed an audience in company with other members of "Buffalo Bill's" band, reported that the pontiff looked like "a puff of alkali dust" and that the attendants "packed him everywhere." Those who have seen him in the last five years have been struck by the manifest dominancy of the soul over the body—the singular and beautiful retention of vitality by a serene spirit in a frame emaciated beyond description. But the tenancy approaches an end, and politicians have begun to talk covertly of the next pope. Who will he be to prove or set at rest the ancient prophecy that Leo's successor will work all but ruin to the church? In this country naturally the clerics pin their hopes to Cardinal Satolli. The question then arises: Who among the American prelates will enjoy his favor? Three years ago the confident answer would have been "Archbishop Ireland." At that time the party, led by the aggressive metropolitan of St. Paul, and including Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop Keane, Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, and perhaps Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco, seemed to be in high control. Archbishop Corrigan of New York was practically degraded and the Germans as usual were raving and submitting.

But Mgr. Satolli was an ex-nuncio and former president of the diplomatic college, and he held in reserve turns of high intrigue to amaze and dizzy the hierarchs nourished on American city politics. Suddenly the word went abroad that his grace of St. Paul was "down;" then like a thunderbolt came the news that the dean of the Catholic university whose daily life had led him into constant contact with the ablegate—Bishop Keane—an accomplished but ill-tempered man, had been deprived of his post and Mgr. Satolli returned to Rome leaving the partisans wildly groping in the dark. He left no victorious faction. He merely gave aid to one side or the other to destroy both. The haughtiest of the prelates were bent or broken. In his person the power that has crushed so many rebellious spirits found a worthy representative. It is true that Archbishop Ireland retains some of his prestige with politicians—enough to suspend the appointment of a secretary of legation at Rome while he chose one who would suit him. But in the church he, and his enemies as well, have been added to the string of ciphers behind the integer that represents the papal power.

LITERARY

THE ANNOUNCEMENT IS MADE that Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins's new romance, *Simon Dale*, is a story of the times of Charles II of England. This bit of news is probably welcome and insignificant to most who read it. But to anyone who follows closely the course of modern fiction it means a great deal. Anthony Hope has apparently

given up writing modern romance. All his earlier works, and his first great success, *The Prisoner of Zenda*, were modern. The innovation was a greater one than most people realized. For the first time a romantic hero wore a tweed walking suit and an Alpine hat. A new kind of fiction had been invented, and the promise was bright. Every one felt that the romantic story of times past had been done almost to death, but this vigorous off-shoot seemed likely to grow for many years.

Just how Anthony Hope has been led into the broad and easy path that leads to "costume stories" we cannot tell. It is possible that contemporary Weymanesque fiction is proving an environment of over-powering strength; it is possible that he has grown somewhat lazy. *The Heart of Princess Osra* was a stumble in the wrong direction, and *Pbroso* an ineffectual effort to pull back. *Simon Dale* seems to commit him irretrievably to this career. There is talk, to be sure, of a sequel to *Zenda*, but we are terribly afraid Mr. Hope will invent some method of putting that back a century or two.

As to *Simon Dale*, we do not wish to be misunderstood. It will probably be a very good story, but it will probably be a tale which a half-dozen other writers might have written. And there is absolutely no one but Anthony Hope who could have given us *The Prisoner of Zenda*, *A Man of Mark*, *The Indiscretion of the Duchess*, and *The Dolly Dialogues*.

IT CERTAINLY IS NOT THE FAULT of the *Atlantic Monthly* if in the last forty years American literature has drifted from Lowell and Longfellow to Mr. Howells, and from Mr. Howells to James Lane Allen and Richard Harding Davis. That journal, at any rate, has always made the best use of the best material on hand; has always been true to its early ideals; has always offered itself as an accessible platform to every writer of thought and cultivation. We owe an enormous debt to our monthly magazines, a debt we hardly remember till some such anniversary as the *Atlantic* is now celebrating brings it to mind. The editor of an English periodical once declared that he considered himself the equal of forty members of Parliament in influence and authority. That perhaps was a cheerful estimate, and we are more modest in our claims for the *Atlantic*. Two average Presidents, half a dozen Senators, and perhaps ten ordinary colleges would be nearer its equivalent. But that, even if we included Messrs. Morgan and Mason among the Senators, and Brown and the Cosmopolitan among the colleges, is really no slight record. It has been achieved by the *Atlantic* because the editors of that periodical have always set their faces against playing to the gallery in literature or politics, and have made it their business to instruct popular taste instead of following it. And as a necessary consequence they have found their reward in the respect and confidence of those whose

praise is best worth having. We offer them our sincerest congratulations on the completion of forty years' useful and distinctive work.

THE EASY SUPERIORITY of our illustrated magazines over the unexciting efforts of the English in that kind has never been properly appreciated here. On the other side it is a matter of common wonder that no London publisher has yet been able to produce a periodical in any way comparable to *Harpers* or the *Century*. Our daily press is cleverer than theirs, more active, less timid and conventional; but altogether inferior in knowledge, decency, and soundness. In the way of weekly papers we have as yet nothing to pit against the *Saturday Review*, the *Spectator*, or the *Speaker*. Particularly are we destitute of any weekly literary journal that is not immeasurably below the standard of the *Athenæum* or the old *Academy*. So far as the sober, semi-political monthlies are concerned, we can, with the *Forum*, the *North American Review*, and the *Atlantic*, make a fair showing in quality, if not in quantity, against the famous English productions. It is when the lighter, more sociable touch is required that we show our surpassing excellence. How cumbrous and tasteless seems the *Pall Mall Magazine* after *Harpers*, or even *Scribner's*, how utterly banal! Yet in England they think a good deal of the *Pall Mall* and of the distinguished amateurs who edit it. Not so much, however, in justice to their good taste, as they do of *Harper's* and the *Century*, but one or the other of these two magazines you will find in the drawing-room of every country house in England. They have come to be as much a feature of domestic furniture as *Punch* or *The Times*; and it is no uncommon thing to hear Englishmen complaining of the number of American tales that appear in them, so completely have they entered into the national life, and so little is it realized that they are not of home manufacture. Of the two, *Harper's* is deservedly the most popular. It is really no exaggeration to say that it is the best illustrated magazine that has ever been published in the English language. The *Century*, though of course easily above anything England can show, is not so good as it used to be. It is growing a trifle effete, and gets on one's nerves at times like a fidgety maiden aunt. The *Century* looks as though it drank too much tea; that's how the *Century* looks. Still, it is not so feeble that it can not drive its poor, spiritless cousins out of the room. The English, in fact, are severely handicapped in their struggle to be entertaining. Their writers have forgotten how to write short stories, their editors how to hustle, their artists how to draw, and their etchers and engravers how to reproduce.

IN THE CURRENT NUMBER of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. James Lane Allen offers an apology for *The Choir Invisible*. We accept his excuses for

his work. It is plain that Mr. Allen regards himself as the supporter of a "movement," as the last disciple of what he calls the Feminine Principle in American Fiction; and it is enough to add, by way of comment, that no writer or artist ever produced a great work under the conscious influence of a speculative theory. Genius never stops to consider how it should express itself. Mr. Howells may, the Pre-Rapælités may; but genius does not. The Feminine Principle, it seems, made its appearance in our literature some thirty years ago. Its characteristics were Refinement, Delicacy, Grace, with their "strictly deducible" qualities of Smallness, Rarity, Tact. It was, Mr. Allen explains, at once a law of selection and a law of treatment. It made the writers of the last generation linger in the charming secluded corners of life, seeking what was hidden from garish day; it made them write of what they found with minuteness and subtlety and a careful refinement. Mr. Allen shows his Delicacy and Tact, and not a little of his Smallness, by mentioning no names. We are curious to hear of a single writer who wrote as one possessed by these dominating influences. After a time, Mr. Allen goes on, the Feminine Principle was found to be rather partial and unsatisfactory. Instantly it was confronted by the Masculine Principle. The new-comer arose, armed with Virility, Strength, and Massiveness—that must mean Richard Harding Davis. In addition, it put forth the characteristics, again "strictly deducible," of Largeness, Obviousness, and Primary or Instinctive Action—Gertrude Atherton, we presume. Anyhow, at this very moment, while we are going about our business in our dull, unthinking way, the battle of these two Principles is being fought out around us.

What will be the end? Will the Masculine, with its large canvases and striking colors, entirely obliterate the shrinking grace of the Feminine? or will they combine in us as they combined in the Greeks, and raise New York to the level of Athens, Mr. Hoyt to the plane of Aristophanes, and Senator Lodge to a happy blending of Thucydides and Demosthenes? A perfect mingling of these two Principles has apparently only made its appearance in English literature twice—in Shakespeare's works, and the other day in Mr. Kipling's "Recessional"; and not at all in English Fiction. We should like, by the bye, to know what sort of a writer Mr. Allen conceives Thackeray to have been. But our chief concern is naturally with the balancing of such chances as America may stand of issuing successfully from this pressing crisis of her literary fate. And here Mr. Allen's pretty scheme of things leaves us cruelly in doubt. He admits that there is a portion of our current fiction which lies outside any "zone of tendency", and cannot be satisfactorily bracketed as either Masculine or Feminine. So we should imagine. But for the others, for these Titans of Virility, Strength, and

Massiveness—who are they in the first place; and what are they going to do in the second? Mr. Marion Crawford, for instance? He is not the sort of man to be an exception to any rule. We are confident he is an embodiment of the Masculine or the Feminine Principle; the question is, Which? He may, of course, be that sublimated, Græco-Shakespearean combination of the two, which is to place the American novel above the effete fiction of the older world; but we hardly think it likely. Let us take it for granted he is a conspicuous example of one or the other of these two tendencies. Will he be able to amalgamate them? Will he be Virile on one page and Delicate on the next; put in one scene of eminent Refinement, and follow it up by a passage of Primary or Instinctive Action? And will he thus be able to nail down that elusive futility, the Great American Novel?

Nothing is easier than to imagine a tendency or a movement in fiction, and nothing is harder than to reconcile the hypothesis with the actual facts. Mr. Allen gives us no data by which we can test his theories; he names no writer, no passage in recent fiction, as being distinctively Masculine or Feminine; he produces no evidence whatever to support his contention. He merely says we must be blind to the signs of the times if we do not recognize their truth. Our blindness, indeed, is so incurable that we do not even suspect their probability. Mr. R. H. Davis, Mr. Marion Crawford, and Mr. John Kendrick Bangs are the most admired American novelists of to-day. Yet we altogether fail to discover anything particularly Massive or Large or Virile about them. Perhaps they lie outside the scope of these two Principles. But a movement in fiction which exists apart from the most popular writers of fiction cannot surely be worth much. The truth is, Mr. Allen's assumption rests on a fundamental error. Such a purely mental attitude toward the world as he embodies in his Feminine and Masculine Principles could not possibly produce the upheaval in fiction which he imagines to be in progress. Nothing less than a social earthquake would do that. Different generations, of course, have their different styles of novel-writing; but the distinctive trait of each is not due to a deliberate revival of, and revolt from, any inherited theories of the art of fiction, but to the endless impression of social forces and ideas which unconsciously mark out each man from those who were before and those who are to come after him. Thackeray never stopped to consider whether Dickens' outlook on life was partial and unsatisfactory, or his method of novel-writing an artistic blunder, when he sat down to write "Pendennis." He wrote, as every man must, with such faculties as nature had given him and such instinctive views as the age had impressed on him. So far as Mr. Allen's article is a summing-up of the characteristics of current fiction it seems to us unsatisfactory and inconsiderable; but

as an unconscious *apologia pro libra sua* it is rather fascinating.

IN OPPOSITION TO Mr. Allen's estimate of modern literature should be placed a most emphatic and earnest contribution to the *Critic* of October 2nd. Its author writes from Franklin, Ohio, and Franklin, Ohio, being the birth-place of *The Editor*, naturally lends itself to a dyspeptic view of things. But this is more than dyspeptic; it is a case of the completest melancholia. In a dogmatic succession of the shortest sentences we have ever seen, the writer massacres the books and authors of the last decade without mercy. Each sentence is a separate stab. "The giants of the pen are dead. Literature has fallen upon evil times, and is now in the hands of the manikins." "Modern literature has no force. It lacks virility." How now, Mr. Allen? "Modern literature finds its prototype in the amateur kodak; our writers are photographers of little obscure scenes that few care for." That seems at first a little hard on Tolstoi, Turgenev, Meredith, and Hardy. "Literature has become feminized. It is made by women and for them." Surely not. We have Mr. Allen's word for it that it is the Masculine Principle that animates the writers of to-day. "Modern literature," finally, "is dapper, nice, little, and insignificant"; so much so that it has no heart, no grandeur, no life, no vitality, no soul, no convictions. This catalogue of deficiencies would not, of course, be worth the trouble of transcribing were it not that its compilation and Mr. Allen's article show how completely two individuals of strictly limited intellect may disagree about a simple point, and both be equally wrong.

WE SHALL WATCH with a good deal of interest the career of the new weekly journal, *Literature*, to be issued by the Harpers in America and the proprietors of the London *Times* in England toward the end of the present month. Its aims are agreeably high — "to deal with the best literature of every country on its literary merits alone, without prejudice, without national prepossessions." Mr. H. D. Traill, its editor, a very sound and level-headed writer of the old school, promises among the "features" of his paper to neglect ordinary books and review only those that are really worth it. He does not intend to dabble in art or the drama, but to run the paper on purely literary lines. Professor Wendell, of Harvard, is to contribute an article each week on current American literature, and if the paper succeeds, as it ought to, no doubt a simultaneous publication in England and the United States will be found necessary. Such a journal, with such an editor, ought to determine finally whether the present generation of Americans is capable of appreciating and supporting a first-class literary weekly. We have never lacked the writers capable of producing such

a journal, but we have lacked, and still do lack, the atmosphere that encourages and humanizes those writers. The absence of a literary center is beneficial to America in many important ways, as we insisted in the last number of the *CHAP-BOOK*, but it undoubtedly prevents that clash of mind with mind, the intimate criticism of the boulevards, that spur an authors' wit and makes the cold attitude of a pedagogue impossible. There is a want of ease and consciousness, a lack of temperament, undoubtedly born of isolation among our critics; and the immense extent of our territory and the diffuseness of such talent as we possess have made the production of a good weekly literary paper a difficulty we have never yet been able to overcome. This new Anglo-American combination may be the right solution.

IT IS NOT STRANGE that Mr. John Brisben Walker should be thrilled to the inmost depths of his being by the magnificent possibilities of his scheme for a *Cosmopolitan* University. One of the most painful things that the masses have to endure is their tormenting and unslakable thirst for knowledge. In thousands of American homes the suffering on that account amounts to actual agony. To relieve this distress would be an act of noble beneficence, fraught, as Mr. Walker would say in his terse and simple manner, with the most gigantic potentialities for the dissemination of culture and the betterment of mankind that any age has witnessed. This is not a quotation, but upon reading his recent "utterances" one unconsciously catches Mr. Walker's style. With his hand on the great throbbing pulse of the community, Mr. Walker detects at once the symptoms of educational starvation, and his noble heart is stirred with sympathy. He comes to the rescue. Into every American home he will carry university culture, together with a subscription to the *Cosmopolitan* magazine. All a candidate has to do is to send in his application to the president of the new epistolary university, stating his occupation, aim in life, and the special purpose for which he desires an education. The president then decides what is best adapted to the applicant's case, and after taking expert advice, starts him on his course. Whether degrees will be conferred Mr. Walker does not state. Presumably they will unless, perhaps, a duly certified statement to the effect that the student has been for four years a constant reader of the *Cosmopolitan* may be regarded as equivalent to a degree. The privilege of taking examinations is open to the candidate, and he is also privileged to take an examination a second time if he does not pass. This is the last step in the educational programme of Mr. Walker, the first great disinterested act having been the reduction of the price of the magazine from twenty-five cents to fifteen cents. The benevolence of Mr. Walker and his public spirit almost surpass belief. If he had his way he

would carry the *Cosmopolitan* magazine into every home in this broad land.

The beauty of the scheme consists in the absence of all requirements on the part of the candidate. Any one can come in. There is no aristocratic barrier, not even to the extent of requiring that an applicant shall know how to read and write. The aspirant is not forced to pass through the humiliating phase of primary education. He is permitted to feel the proud elation of being a member of a university from the start. Learning must be made popular. To be popular it must be simple and devoid of technicality. Text-books will be of the nature of "guides to little feet." Cheap and easy culture, and short cuts to profound knowledge, will be provided.

All this is comprehensible, but it is not easy to see exactly why an educator of any standing should be willing to lend his name and influence to the movement. It would seem simpler to make him an associate on the staff of the *Cosmopolitan* in charge of an educational department in which courses of reading would be outlined each month and inquiries from subscribers would be answered. Along with this there could be established an examination department in which a list of questions could be given, and the names of those who had successfully answered them could be published in the next number. This would increase the circulation of the magazine more rapidly than the other method.

It is solemnly stated that free-silverism is to form no part of the university's propaganda, yet if depreciation of the currency cannot be had, why not aim at depreciation of the curriculum—put the university stamp on anything that comes to the educational mint, and not "discriminate against" the cheaper culture. If we cannot have fiat money, we can at least have fiat scholars and free coinage of university diplomas. Badges, however, would perhaps be better than diplomas—blue silk badges with gilt lettering and a long fringe. There is an almost universal craving for these. They are less expensive than parchment, and can more readily be displayed in public.

There is a fine flavor of cynicism in this scheme. It is not the sort of inert cynicism that makes a man content with saying hard and bitter things and going about with scornfully curling lip and darkly glinting eye like one of Miss Marie Corelli's characters. It is cynicism of the lucrative kind, that shrewdly calculates the number of asses there are in the world and then sets to work to provide these asses with what their asininity demands. It is sometimes called giving the public what they need, supplying the popular wants; but it is unjust to impute sincere mo-

tives to the founders. It is like judging a man's intellectual attainments and personal tastes by the advertising handbills he issues in the course of trade, or like the presumption that because Mr. Bok exchanges gin for green tea in the columns of his magazine, he would observe the same preference in his private life. The hypothesis of cynicism accounts much better and far more charitably for these things. People are too apt to identify a literary man with his productions, an editor with his magazine, and so forth, forgetting that he is a producer for the market and supplies what the market demands. If he makes salable balderdash, he is entitled to all the more credit from a business point of view. Any fool ought to be able to sell a really good thing; but it takes cleverness to be a successful entrepreneur in a large industry for the exploitation of tommy rot.

So we acquit Mr. Walker of any stupid seriousness of purpose in the matter. He knows as well as any of us that good honest ignorance is not the worst feature of American life, but rather half-education with all the banalities, crudities, impertinences, and fanaticisms that sciolism brings in its train. Abridged systems of self-culture merely exchange ignorance for a belief that one knows what he does not. Popularizing generally means the elimination of the only valuable factor in education—to wit, good, hard, dogged systematic training. Still who are we to quarrel with a man's way of earning a livelihood, be it the vending of shoddy clothes, china pug dogs, or slippery slides to universal information. It is giving the public what they want.

AS A CLIMAX to a curious description in the *Atlantic Monthly* of the upward movement in Chicago—curious chiefly because the name of Henry B. Fuller is at the bottom of it—we notice this discriminating recognition of a patent fact:—"Chicago also enjoys the further celebrity that comes from the publication of the quaint CHAP-BOOK. This highly individual semi-monthly, having lately enlarged itself and subdued the intensity of a yellow tone reflected from London, may now be fully accepted as an embodied response to Chicago's long and earnest prayer—that for a magazine." For the general kindness of this paragraph Mr. Fuller has our thanks; though his reference to our younger and perhaps more radical days and the geographical source of their inspiration, is not, of course, so accurate as his other remarks. London never reflected anything more exciting than a dingy brown, and America may rest satisfied that she was the origin of our pristine "quaintness."

MR. BECKLES WILLSON, author of the *Tenth Island: An Account of Newfoundland*, recently remonstrated with Mr. Rudyard Kipling for the omission of all reference to the island in his *Song of*

the English. In reply Mr. Kipling sent a letter, of which the following is a part:

"Indeed, I am not unmindful of Newfoundland. Perhaps I may know more about it than you think, and certainly no man in his senses ever doubted the loyalty of the senior colony. We may leave that, I think, to the Yankees, who seem to take comfort from inventing curious fictions of that nature.

"But we will make a bargain. I will put a four-line verse among the *Song of the Cities* if you, on your part, will drop, and influence other people to drop, allusions to the 'loyalty' of the 'colonies.' In the first place, I dislike the word 'colonies,' and if you look through my verse you will find I very seldom use it. It is out of date and misleading, besides being provincial. In the second place, there is no need to talk of 'loyalty' among white men. That is one of the things we all take for granted—because the Empire is Us—we ourselves, and for the white man to explain that he is loyal is about as unnecessary as for a respectable woman to volunteer the fact that she is chaste."

DRAMATIC

MISS MAUDE ADAMS'S first appearance in New York at the head of a company was the occasion for one of the most astonishing ebullitions the American stage has yet seen. The audience came prepared to cheer or be thrown out in the attempt. They were brimming over with good-will before the play began; when the curtain went up they were enthusiastic; at the first symptom of humor they roared tumultuously, and Miss Adams's entrance made them simply lose their heads. They cheered and stamped and clapped for two minutes by the watch. At the end of the first act they had the curtain raised six or seven times; at the end of the second, perhaps eight more; and at the end of the third, anywhere between ten and twenty. The rioters, of course, merely wished to emphasize their personal friendship for Miss Adams, and give her a good send-off, but the uproar they made was so exaggerated and unwarrantable that the more critical and discreet among the audience were driven into silent revolt. Miss Adams's triumph had no more to do with her capability as an actress than the reception usually given to Mr. John L. Sullivan. It was simply a matter of youthful, irrepressible good-humor. Not that it was altogether groundless or that Miss Adams's acting did not deserve praise, but the commendation should have been ladled out in teaspoons instead of buckets. Miss Adams is always pretty and piquante in her own graceful little way, and can frisk about the stage with considerable archness. Mr. Barrie evidently took her measure very neatly. *The Little Minister*, as a play, is neither a failure nor a success. It is made up mostly of stage versions of some of the best known scenes in the *Window in*

Thrum, loosely strung on a thin plot, with an indecisive flavor of melodrama and a pronounced inclination toward burlesque. There are a few delightful moments of real comedy, but the play as a whole is but poorly constructed and singularly unimpressive. Mr. Edeson, as the Little Minister, was pathetically insignificant, but Mr. W. H. Thompson gave a study of the chief elder that only needed a little restraint to be really admirable. We have no doubt the play will be a popular success, but it leaves Miss Adams just where she was before.

THE THEATRICAL SYNDICATE seems likely to score a triumph here in Chicago within a few weeks. We presume that the failure of the "Stock Company principle" may reasonably be called the victory of its opponent, the "Charles Frohman principle." Scarcely a month ago a stock company was organized to produce at the Schiller theatre new plays by American authors, and inside of the month it is giving *London Assurance*. At the outset the public was interested, and the critics friendly and hopeful. Everyone, except the management, perhaps, became less sanguine when it was announced that the initial production would be *Fort Frayne*, taken from Capt. Charles King's novel of that name. The standard, one felt, was at least not yet inordinately high. The promise of a harmless and moderately successful melodrama was fulfilled, and as a prelude to something better *Fort Frayne* might have served. It served at least to show that the company itself was on the whole a capable one. But the whole unfortunate business seemed destined to plunge to destruction. *Secrets of State*, a native drama of Washington society, written by a Mr. Alfred Kennedy, proved itself a crude and amateurish production. This apparently ended the list of available plays by American authors, and the management sought refuge in the "revival," that last recourse of the worried and badgered theatrical impresario.

The question arises, was the manager stupid, or are there no American plays? Here is a good company in urgent need of material. If there are the incipient Peneros we often hear of, kept under by the managers who basely buy foreign plays, the present moment is eminently fitting for them to emerge into the white light of publicity.

MUSICAL

THE PLANS for the coming season's opera are not definite as yet. But enough is known;—we shall have opera, with Mr. Walter Damrosch directing, and we shall not have the extraordinary star cast to which the last few seasons have accustomed us. Mme. Melba is the only one of the extravagantly paid singers who is to be in the company. On the whole, although the performances cannot be

the marvelous things they were, the change is undoubtedly for the better. There will now be some chance for the managers to escape the financial ruin which threatened them every year under the regime of extortionate salaries. And the public will learn a salutary lesson. It will learn that good opera can be given with good singers merely, and does not require the best. It will learn that one may go to the opera for music, for the whole effect, not merely for the technique of some admired soprano or well-beloved tenor. We have been so pampered in musical matters that the task of suiting us and paying expenses as well was growing yearly more impossible. Now that the change is to be made it is probable that at first we may not be suited, and Mr. Damrosch may not become rich immediately upon his profits. But we are a fairly sensible and moderately musical population, and we shall come to see that in asking for good music at prices within our reach we have set our standard sufficiently high, and that for the time being this is better than overreaching.

OCCASIONALLY WE WAIT beyond all reason in recognizing and writing down a long self-evident fact. Until Mr. Rupert Hughes said it in the retirement of *Godey's Magazine* it would seem that no one had realized that, to quote Mr. Hughes, "It is only the plain truth to say that Mr. Sousa's marches have founded a school; that he has indeed revolutionized march-music. His career resembles that of Johann Strauss in many ways. A certain body of old fogies have always presumed to deride the rapturous waltzes of Strauss, though they have won enthusiastic praise from even the esoteric Brahms, and gained from Wagner such words as these: 'One Strauss waltz overshadows, in respect to animation, finesse, and real musical worth, most of the mechanical, borrowed, factory-made products of the present time.' The same words might be applied to Mr. Sousa's marches with equal justice."

If our national hymn always seems to Britishers only a feeble copy of their own "God Save the Queen," we may, perhaps, derive some comfort from the fact that all through the jubilee celebrations the bands devoted themselves to playing the "Washington Post" march, and that only.

CORRESPONDENCE

DU MAURIER'S "MUSIC AND DEATH"

LONDON, ENGLAND, September 28, 1897.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK:

SIR:—The correspondence and extract under this head in THE CHAP-BOOK of September 15th betray some ignorance of the subject. Du Maurier's poem in question was published in the *English Illustrated Magazine* in June,

1884, or twelve years before his death, under the title of "Der Tod als Freund," by "George Du Maurier (from the French of Madame Necker)." This disposes at once of the idea that the lines were a paraphrase of a "well-known poem of Sully-Prudhomme," and of the supposed peculiar significance of their appearing "so soon before he joined the great majority." Yours faithfully,

S. SHARPE.

A REVIEWER'S REPLY

WOODLAWN, ILLINOIS, October 2, 1897.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK:

WILL you grant me space in which to say to my learned brother, Charles Morse, Esq., who holds broader views than I in respect of the literary merits of law-books, that we are not so far apart as he thinks? We have not defined our terms, that is all. Sir Henry Maine and Judge Holmes, to take two conspicuous names from his list for examples, have written works of undoubted literary value, but are not *Ancient Law* and *The History of the Common Law* something more than law-books? There is no denying the obligation the world of letters is under to those who have been trained for the bar; is it at all as certain that such results came because of that training, and not in its despite? One of the worthies observed that "The sparks of all sciences are taken up in the ashes of the law"—and assuredly sparks, rather than ashes, go to make literature. Possibly, since Mr. Morse likes to read law-books and I do not, the question reduces itself to the position held by the French critic in his undebatable dictum—*obiter baud*—to the effect that "The question of literature is a question of taste."

YOUR REVIEWER.

A SONG OF CASHMERE

YOUTH is the treasure that Time consumes;
The flower that blossoms—to wither alone.
Youth's bowers are built of a thousand tombs
And there are the seeds of his pleasure sown.

But the careless sun will wake on a day
When youth has gone and his friends make moan,
And his garland of roses has faded away,
And their petals dry on the lonely stone.

But who shall say that his life was vain,
When all the light-mist of his days has flown?
Who shall not call to the tomb again
For the beauty turned to the dust and bone?

—THOMAS WALSH.

THE PHILOSOPHIC ROMANCE

THREE temperaments have moulded fiction into three conspicuous forms: the story of elaborate adventure; of complicated plot, more exciting than elevating; the "naturalistic" novel, which, following the scientific methods of the naturalist, aims to divide humanity into genera and species, and to describe minutely their habits and surroundings; and the psychological novel — rare on account of its extreme difficulty — which aims to create a science beyond the province of the abstract psychologist, not the study of the mental machinery common to us all, but the analysis of the psychological phenomena as they differ in each of the various human types. There is yet another form of prose fiction, which, on account of its infrequency and its vagueness of outline, has existed for centuries without being classified; but as it has recently begun to flourish in the field of our best literature, it deserves to be studied more attentively and to be honoured with a name.

The name, Philosophic Romance, is, I think, applicable to a kind of fiction that cannot be classified under any of the three forms just mentioned. The very earliest work of prose fiction, the *Cyropaedia*, might be called a philosophic romance, and many famous books of antiquity and of the Renaissance could be named. But, without going further back than the origins of the modern novel in the eighteenth century, let us select the most characteristic examples of the form we are considering.

Voltaire not only produced examples of it, but took pains to name them *Contes Philosophiques*—philosophic tales. So we may head our list with the famous *Candide* and *Zadig*. A work of the same epoch, more profound in its philosophy, but, on account of its allegorical form, less illustrative, is *Gulliver's Travels*. We may also admit the *Nouvelle Héloïse* and *Wilhelm Meister*, in spite of the dilution of their philosophy in an excess of romance. *Oberman* and *Sartor Resartus* are cases of the opposite extreme, their romance being obscured by their philosophy. However philosophical, we should not admit novels "with a purpose"; their polemical intentions confine them to a separate and peculiar department of literature.

To accumulate old examples would but confuse our conception. For it is, in fact, only recently that the difficult art of combining philosophy and fiction has been accomplished with success. All previous attempts resulted in an imperfect union; they leave the impression that either the philosophy or the romance would have been happier in a state of singleness; that their marriage was ill-advised. An incompatibility, indeed, remained between them until they both underwent a change of character: the art of fiction was developed and perfected by the brilliant school now in its decline; and, about the

same moment, philosophy abandoned its ancient, unwieldy form for one more pliant and graceful, became suddenly human, red-blooded, and even passionate. Then at last their marriage became natural and inevitable. It was consummated in the work of Walter Pater, Anatole France, and Maurice Barrès, and was celebrated even in the masterpiece of an abstract philosopher, in the *Zarathustra* of Frederic Nietzsche, and in works of a strange, new form by novelists like Huysmans, Couperus, and D'Annunzio, who had been devotees of Naturalism or psychology. These seven names are among the most prominent and influential of the present day in Europe. Pater, Nietzsche, and D'Annunzio have been, beyond question, the leading men of letters in contemporary England, Germany, and Italy. The influence of Barrès and Anatole France is dominating more and more over the young generation in France. Huysmans and Couperus are perhaps the best known of the few great writers of fiction in Belgium and Holland. And as the masterpiece of each of these seven men is a philosophic romance, that form of fiction is given a very important place in the literature of our day. In order to arrive at a more definite conception of its elusive form, let us glance at the varied *chef-d'oeuvre* of these men; works in five different languages, and by writers who differ so widely in genius and temperament, should thoroughly illustrate the province of the philosophic romance.

We have no space here for even a hasty review of seven remarkable books. Pater's *Marius* is, of course, familiar to the readers of THE CHAP-BOOK. An excellent translation has recently been published of Nietzsche's *Zarathustra*. As for Barrès's curious trilogy, *In the Sight of the Barbarians*, *A Free Man*, and *The Garden of Bérénice*, I have epitomized it, with abundant translations, in the *Fortnightly Review* of January and March, 1896.

Marius, *Zarathustra*, Barrès's trilogy, and *Metamorphoses*, the last work of the Dutch novelist, Couperus, are each a symbolic or disguised autobiography, written with the sole purpose of giving voice to the author's philosophic ideas. But the form of fiction was not adopted in order simply to popularize a philosophy. The all-important point, the *raison d'être* of this genre is that its philosophies are of such a kind that could not be embodied in any other form. Just as the psychological novel is the vehicle of a science that could not be put into an abstract treatise, so the philosophic romance opens itself to a kind of philosophy that never finds entrance into the ponderous tomes of the systematic philosophers. For the writer, by depicting a personality created more or less in his own image, by describing his development, by submitting him to carefully selected experiences, and bringing him into contact with varied phenomena of life, is given a boundless opportunity for a kind of universal criticism. And contemporary philosophy may be defined by those two words: *universal criticism*.

Anatole France enjoys all the advantages of this genre in works whose autobiographic character is not so manifest. But see what Lemaitre says of him :

"The habits of meditation and of self-inspection (*repliement sur soi*) serve little to develop the talent for inventing stories, extraordinary combinations of events. That talent even seems of small value to old, meditative men. . . . So M. France writes fiction in which he himself is *en scène*, and which are stories about himself as much as about others: *portions of reality which he comments upon, with illustrations from his ingenious experience*. Such are these two masterpieces, the *Bûche* and the *Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*. When you understand and think so much, you can no longer forget yourself, nor get outside of yourself; it is always yourself that you see, since all that you observe is attached involuntarily to a general conception of the world, and that conception is within you. . . . I do not know a man of letters in whom realities are reflected through a medium more rich in science, literature, impressions, and anterior meditations."

Huysman's series of books, *La Bas*, *En Route* and *La Cathédrale* describe the conversion of a modern Parisian to Christianity. These books are the story of a long conflict between the hero and the spirit of the middle ages in its various manifestations: satanism, magic, scholasticism, the plain song, the monastery, and the cathedral, forming a very thorough study of the values and dangers of Mediaevalism.

Finally that incomparable stylist, D'Annunzio, abandoning the psychological method of *Il Piacere* and *L'Innocente*, has written a philosophic romance *Le Vergine delle Rocce*, which relates the adventures of a Nietzschean hero, at the home of three strange sisters, who move through the musical story with the drooping and pensive grace that Botticelli has given to those clinging goddesses in his wonderful *Primavera*. "I obey only the laws of that style to which, for the realization of my dream of order and beauty, I have subjected my free will. . . . Defend Beauty! That is thy one commandment. Defend the dream that is within thee! . . . Concentrate the purest essence of thy spirit and reproduce the profoundest vision of thy universe in a single and supreme work of art. . . . And make of thy life also a music which, however varied, will depend on the one dominant motive, and bear the impress of a unique style!" That is the philosophy of art and life exemplified in this strange and captivating symphony.

I have selected these men because they have produced work of the very greatest value in a kind of fiction that is totally distinct from the three other conspicuous forms. By melting together our conceptions of their works, we should obtain some general notion of a new, strong vehicle, lightly and beautifully built, which may be destined to carry a great part of the genius of the future.

One essential trait of this kind of fiction is its renouncement of objectivity, its return—but with great reserve—to the subjectivity of romanticism. Abandoning the effort to paint in detail the surface of the world, and not confining itself either to the habits or psychology of the classified human types, it drives deep at the meaning of life, and abounds in a sort of perpetual comment. It avoids those vapid deserts of inventorial description, through which the novel has so often dragged us. It admits not a page, not a sentence that does not convey an idea or an emotion. For it has learned that words cannot even paint except by means of emotion, and that the value of form and style lies in the emotions they convey. It has no relationship to what is called the "novel with a purpose"; it is simply a narrative with a meaning. It is characterized essentially by the perpetual play of universal criticism.

"In a world confessedly so opulent in what was old," says Pater, speaking of the age of Marcus Aurelius, "the work, even of genius, must necessarily consist very much in criticism." And how much more truly that might be said of our own time, richer by the fruit of eighteen hundred years! The critical, analytic spirit, as opposed to the synthetic and constructive, is evidently predominant in these days, and not only in our interpretation of that "beautiful house of art and thought," but also in our interpretation of life, and the mysterious world through which our life passes. Our philosophers, instead of constructing a vast, intricate system to serve as a "key" to the bewildering picture of the world which our senses give us, are becoming more and more resigned to the absence of an adequate "key," and more and more attracted to the unpretentious, but fruitful, method of criticism. To understand and appreciate, interpret and explain the life and work of humanity in the past, to see deeply and clearly into the conditions of the present, and to lead and inspire those wonderful living forces which are moulding the immediate future,—that is the ambition of the modern philosopher. He fears, above all, to lose himself in the clouds. He still dreams, but with Reality in his arms. And she, for his faithfulness, yields him inexhaustible delights. So he learns to feel, as well as to understand; he becomes an artist as well as a philosopher. And for the fruit of his completer genius, he has devised a new vehicle.

Philosopher, wisdom-lover! vague term, but how appropriate to that curiosity which loves to penetrate all secrets, to move on bee's wings through the world! The world is to the wisdom-lover a magic garden; everything to him is wonderful as a flower. The dew of one is not dry on him before he is deep in another. His life is enchanted, he lives among enchantments. And in that garden, where his years are one long summer, the book that he composes is a philosophic romance—a romance of his

adventures in the ruins of antiquity, of his meditations among the flowers, of the wisdom that descends upon him when, from his high-built home, he notes the vast happenings of the sky.

After all, is not this universal criticism, when it is bathed in deep emotion, the soul and substance of the best literature, the supreme gift that words can bring? And what lightness, grace, and charm it acquires when it comes riding in the vehicle of romance! Here and there, in isolated instances through history, we see them, Wisdom, Beauty, and Romance, meeting, with laughter or tears, in strange books that have filled their generation with a singular inquietude. Whether prose or verse, dialogue, drama, or narrative, they have a subtle, close affinity, a sisterly resemblance—an air of high breeding and of irony, a disdain of dullness and of cheap applause. Akin to them are the works of Pater and France, Barrès and D'Annunzio. They have chosen the device of a master who, in a different art, captured their ideal:

Io farò una finzione, che significherà cose grandi.

RUSSELL PATTERSON JACOBUS.

AMONG THE ASPENS

YOU know how aspens whisper
Without a breath of air!
I overheard one lisper
Yesterday declare,

"When all the woods are sappy
And the sweet winds arrive,
My dancing leaves are happy
Just to be alive."

And presently another,
With laconic stir
We take to be each other,
Spoke and answered her,

"When the great frosts shall splinter
Our brothers oak and pine,
In the long night of winter,
Glad fortitude be thine!"

And where the quiet river
Runs by the quiet hill,
I heard the aspens shiver,
Though all the air was still.

BLISS CARMAN.



THE SMART SET

I.—WAGNER, 1897

By CLYDE FITCH

*A Letter from Lady Aires to the Countess of Upham,
at Homburg.*

BAYREUTH, AUG., 1897.

MY dear Rose: Our stay at Bayreuth is nearly over—the last opera to-morrow—and to be frank I am extremely glad, although of course it has been perfectly charming. First we heard Parsifal and the Ring, which is four operas, you know. Why they call them a "Ring" I can't see yet, and I do n't like to ask; it gives the musical people who really know, the chance to be so superior, and they are conceited enough as it is, goodness knows. Any one would think it was a disgrace not to have been lullabyed to sleep when a baby by a symphony orchestra! I'm sure it is n't my fault if I do n't know which is Schumann and which is Schubert, and what's the difference. (Between you and me I do n't care. Of course I adore music, but it's like a great many other things—you must n't ask too many questions!) Well the first day was Parsifal. It's a dear! Beautiful, perfectly beautiful! I wore my white mulle with my green and white hat, and if I do say it (and I must for I am sure no one else will say it for me, women are such jealous cats about frocks), I did n't see a better turned-out woman. Such a tremendous lot of smart people as are here, and really you ought to have come. I'm sure you would have enjoyed it. Between the acts it's quite like Sunday in the park. The entre-actes are very long, giving us a chance to shake out our frocks, and wake up and amuse ourselves. Some people go up a little hill, or into some pine woods, but that's rather dull for you do n't meet half so many others; most everyone stays in front of the theatre. But I must tell you about Parsifal. In the first place it is awfully long. And Parsifal himself is entirely too fat! I am sure so very good a young person as Parsifal should n't have a stomach! There are a lot of sort of monks in rather fetching pink red cloaks, with pale bluey-gray skirts underneath. (Not at all a bad combination and gave me an idea for a costume for up the river.) Their chief is ill, and almost always in great pain, but it does not prevent his singing the longest of speeches. Parsifal kills a lovely swan—it flies in so naturally! Really Wagner was a most wonderful man!—Then there is a Gypsy girl; a sort of snake charmer, who has bottles of the things all through the play. I could n't make out quite if she were Parsifal's mother or what. But she is quite mad, and wears only a very uninteresting old brown dress. I must make this criticism of Wagner, you do n't see many pretty dresses in his operas. Then everyone goes to a banquet-

ing hall, which is also partly a church. The scenery moves along in a most miraculous way and the hall is really very lovely. There are children in this scene, and they lift the chalice and it glows—an electric light in it you know, but it's really lovely. And the music is simply heavenly. I assure you I cried like a baby at this part, I could n't tell you why, unless it's the poor wretched creature, Am—something his name is, I can't find my programme. He's very handsome. I intend to buy his photograph. He has to lift the holy cup, and he feels he is unfit to do it. He is a sinner and wishes he were dead, and somehow or other you feel awfully sympathetic with him. I know the times I've been to church and knelt down so ashamed I could n't lift my head, thinking of some of the beastly wicked things I've done in my life. And that's just what the second act is. A crowd of women try to seduce Parsifal, but they are all German chorus women, and it really does n't seem such a great temptation.

But then the girl who was ugly in the other act comes on very beautiful, but hideously dressed (why do n't they get Worth or Doucet, I wonder, to help them?), and she sings a great deal and very loud, and kisses Parsifal, and then everything goes suddenly to wrack and ruin. I shall never dare kiss any very good young man again—not after that! In the last act, this same creature, looking more like Act I, washes Parsifal's feet. I should hate to play that part; but it's all very pretty and affecting, and the music—well, there are no words to describe it. And the whole rest of the act is too wonderful! Really you have to cry. Of course, it's too long, and you're awfully hungry, but there is a rather smart restaurant now, where everybody goes afterward to get their spirits back; which reminds me that Mrs. Gordon turned up yesterday and appeared at the restaurant at night, affording us a good deal of amusement. First she started to courtesy to the Royalties, who do n't want to be noticed. This she perceived in the middle of her courtesy, and cut it short in a quick way, which made her look exactly as if *something* important in the toilet had burst or broken. Then she flew all over from room to room, trying to find a table that suited her, disturbing the whole atmosphere, as meteors are said to do in the skies, and creating the impression (or trying to) that she owned the entire place. She won't be happy here, for it is n't easy for anyone else to own anything where Frau Wagner is installed; which reminds me to stop this gossip and tell you seriously about the other operas.

The first of the Ring is the Valkyrie; you can remember it because of Lord Dunraven's yacht. And they swim around in the water, which is, I suppose, why he called it so. But no, on second thoughts, that is n't it at all. The first opera is *Rbeingold*, and it's the Rhine maidens that go swimming about. How absurd of Dunraven to have made

such a mistake. I like the *Rbeingold* awfully. The first act looks just like water, and the music is so pretty. Then in the second act there are two splendid big men, one in white, the other in black bear skins, who are rather fetching. The *Rbeingold* is the least sociable of the operas, as there is no entre-acte. But it is fortunately a great deal the shortest. I think it is one of my favorites. I seem to know more what Wagner is about in it. I do n't believe he knows himself what he is about some of the time in the *Valkyrie*. This second opera is awfully long. However, it has two good entre-actes, when you can walk around and talk to everybody; and I can assure you we have plenty to say after having been kept quiet for over an hour in the dark theatre. The chairs are so uncomfortable, and if you move somebody hisses. There is not much politeness in Bayreuth. We do n't get as good a view of the stage as some people, but we have splendid places—the Countess of — is in front of us, her sister right beside me, and behind are the —s, and near by, Lady —. So you see we could n't possibly have better seats.

For the *Valkyrie* I wore a new mauve and pale green frock. I do n't think you've seen it. The bill was atrocious; I shan't pay it. But the costume is a great success. Portions of this second opera are awfully tiresome, first one couple and then another going on for hours about nothing, but there are some exquisite clouds that move and grow and scatter exactly like nature, only more so, and make up a little for the dull people. I notice one thing—all the gods and goddesses have always such troubles. There is n't a single happy creature among them, not even Wotan, who is god of them all, and wears a silly gold curl over one eye. I think it lowers his whole dignity, but they make a great many mistakes like that. Of course, one ought n't to think of these things, but should simply listen to and enjoy the beautiful music, but my nature is so sensitive I can't help it. There are a lot of Valkyrie, you know, who wear a sort of antique dress-reform costume, not pretty, and ride through the air on deliciously funny-looking horses. And Brunhilde, the leader of them, a rather nice person, who behaves quite like a human being in *Siegfried*, the next opera, which I will tell you about later. In *Valkyrie* you think she is going to be burnt up, but in *Siegfried* she is saved after all. I suppose there is some sort of biblical idea about hell. You recognize the Bible very often in *Parsifal*. I much prefer *Siegfried* as a person to *Parsifal*. He's not such a *very* good boy. There's more an air of athletics, football, rowing, and all that about *Siegfried*, while *Parsifal* smacks just a little, I think, of the Young Men's Christian Association. You can *kiss* *Siegfried* with impunity, too; in fact, it saved Brunhilde's life, and I would n't mind running a few risks myself to be saved in the same way! You get perfectly drunk with this

music of the last act of *Siegfried*. Of course, my dear, you know I am now writing about the *third* opera, *Siegfried*. You must follow me closely, for it's very easy to get confused about them. *Siegfried* is awfully long, too, and the first act—well, I do n't mind telling you I slept a good deal. You see, the theatre gets so stuffy, and then one is digesting one's luncheon, and the stage is so dark, and I maintain that the music soothes you. I wore, of course, another dress, something quiet, as it was rainy, but I saw no one who looked any better. Between the first and second acts I managed to get a bow and a hand-shake from the Prince, to the visible envy of Mrs. Gordon. I wish you could see the dear beast. She flutters around the royalties every minute, like a nervous bird, and as if they were her nest of eggs and a bad little boy was in the neighborhood. I *bate* snobs, do n't you? I am lunching, by the way, with Mrs. G. to-morrow. Quite a big, smart party of us, I hear.

That funny dragon comes in *Siegfried*, you know, and of course it is much more amusing here than in Covent Garden or New York. But it's the last act that I *love*! Such passionate music! Brunhilde falls madly in love with Siegfried, who is, of course, ever so many years younger than she. But it's just like us women, especially when we are Brunhilde's age. For I suppose she's forty something, as she was grown up and went to sleep before Siegfried was born, and when he kisses her he seems to be quite a man! By the way, Brunhilde was put to sleep for interfering somehow or other in the love affairs of Siegfried's mother and father, who are really sister and brother. If you think of it, the story is extremely indecent, but operatic things never seem to be shocking; music, apparently, covers a multitude of naughtinesses, as charity is reported to do. Very likely that's why Mrs. — is always doing so much for institutions and what not—for her sins, I suppose. I always thought she was a naughty old hypocrite! By the way, there is a comic character in *Siegfried*, and in one of the others, I forget which, called Mime—a funny little dwarf, the sort of thing they put in a Christmas pantomime to amuse the children.

Later.

I have just come from the *Götterdämmerung*, the last opera, and I am completely exhausted. I am as if I were in a dream, and can only think and feel and write of this beautiful, beautiful music and scenery. I am absolutely absorbed in it. Some people took the train for Nuremberg right after the performance. I am sure I never could have. I really can't believe they *felt* the thing. Our train goes at 1:45. Such a nice hour; one does n't have to hurry in the morning, and can have one's hair done properly. I have a charming new way of doing the hair. I got it from a Frenchwoman who

sat just in front of me in the theatre to-day, and when it was light enough I studied the arrangement till I got it by heart. You want something like that to do during the long duets. Otherwise your attention is apt to wander from the opera, or you get sleepy. To go back to the opera, it began with the same scene that *Siegfried* finished with, which was rather disappointing, but a real horse came on and behaved as quiet as a lamb, with Brunhilde screaming like mad all about him. I suppose they put cotton in his ears, or something. The scene changed (without letting us go out for a rest, which I thought something of a sell) to the house where Siegfried falls in love with another woman. (O these men!) I forgot to tell you, my mind is so full of the music, that I wore my new Russell & Nun winter frock, and I caught lots of people taking it in. But, dear me, how badly the German women dress. I have n't seen a single *chic* one among them since I've been here. I do n't believe I shall come again. Besides, the music is too wearing. The Rhine maidens come back in this act! It is most wonderful the way they swim about! But as far as I can gather, they are rather nasty cats. One thing I will say though, I think Wagner's on the side of the women, for, in spite of Brunhilde's being in love with little more than a boy, she has all your sympathies. So has Siegfried, too, which is odd. I really sobbed when he died, he was so good looking; and seemed so sad. This whole opera is very depressing. We reach Munich to-morrow night at 7; and I propose going to the Residenz Theatre there and seeing a light opera just for contrast. But how bad the shops are at Munich. I believe there are some good pictures, but I think one sees so many pictures in Europe. Don't you?

I presume you know Brunhilde behaves rather like Dido in the end; nearly everybody, more or less, is murdered off, and there is a sort of Madame Tussaud exhibition in the clouds at the curtain. Of course, I have n't really given you any sort of an idea about it at all. There are no words that will adequately describe it, only I promised to give you a detailed personal account, and so I have done so. The reason we are going to Munich is we can't get a sleeper yet, everything is so crowded. Is n't it disgusting? This last opera is rather too noisy at times, and awfully long—longer than the others. But there's a men's ballet in it that is rather nice; not dancing, you know, but singing and posing and walking about with imitation bare legs, most of them. But I think the best thing about the opera is it leaves you in such an exalted mood. I know I won't be able to think of small or worldly things for weeks, much less write about them. Before I forget it be sure and write me if it's true that Mrs. — and Sir George — are both at Homburg, at the same hotel. I hear they are, and there's no end of talk about it. But then I find there's no end of

talk about everything and everybody. It is not that people mean badly, but one has to pass the time somehow. I think I love best of all the Rheingold music. It is like a jeweller's shop window in Bond Street. It seems to shine and glitter and sparkle. You see very few jewels here in Bayreuth; of course, there's very little chance to display them. Women wear the usual small string of pearls. That's about all. As most everyone wore one I wear two, with a different pendant each day. I like to be just a little original, and keep my own individuality.

Well, now I must tumble into bed or I shall lose my beauty sleep. I'd hate to have my figure get like these German singers. I wonder why! I'd have myself strapped between boards—I'd do *something*. Good-bye, my dear. Write me all the gossip you can get a hold of. I have n't sent you any in this; but that you could n't expect. It was impossible that this letter should be anything but Wagner, Wagner, Wagner. I wish you could have been here with me—you'd have seen heaps of your friends. Of course, I ought to tell you one thing, because I felt it myself; there's nothing catchy about the music. Lovingly,

FANNY.

II.—ART

A Second Letter from Lady Aires to the Countess of Upbam.

MUNICH.

MY dear Rose:—It was very thoughtful of you to write me so soon; and Aubrey and I wish very much we could join you, but our money is all spent, and we must hurry back to England, where we can economize by making cheap visits among our friends for a couple of months. In December we go to New York to spend the winter with mother. You never go home, do you?

I am so glad you felt you got so complete an idea of Wagner from my letter. I was a little afraid I had n't done the whole thing justice, but I assure you there were many more people there than I thought of suggesting, and the operas, tho' long, are very delightful.

Here in Munich the chief thing is the picture-gallery, as, of course, at this time of year all fashionable society is away, and the theatres and opera either closed or giving second-rate performances. There are more musées than you really care to visit, and all full of masterpieces, many quite as atrocious as masterpieces so often are. The principal one—its name begins with a P—is the one we've been to.

I wish you could see the Rubens, or else it's the Van Dykes, I forget which, but they are beautiful; and when one thinks how long ago they were painted, it's wonderful, is n't it? One thing awfully interesting about a picture gallery is to see

the absurd difference in women's dress now and in former times, don't you think so? and sometimes one gets ideas for one's self.

This particular gallery is, altogether, one of the most satisfactory I've ever been in. It was n't crowded full of Baedeker people and that sort of thing. In the second room we went in we met Lord and Lady Jenks and the Countess of Towns. That was the room where we saw a portrait the living image of Janet Cowther. We all shrieked with laughter! You know how she has what my vulgar little brother calls an "ingrowing face," it sinks in instead of coming out, so that the poor creature can't know what it seems like to have a real profile. It's extraordinary that there should have been two such faces in the world; don't you think so? Even with two or three hundred years between them. The portrait was painted by—dear me! I can't remember, but it was some one we all know. There's one thing I should n't mind, and that is knowing the lady's corset-maker. I'd like to give his address to Janet, because, my dear, in spite of her face he had made the lady's figure beautiful. I think that's really the nicest part of a picture-gallery, seeing comic likenesses to your friends.

Lady Jenks and I sat down on an uncomfortable bench without any back and talked away for nearly an hour. What an amusing creature she is! Has stories to tell about everybody under the sun. By the way, she vowed you and your husband got on awfully and only lived together as a matter of form! I took up your cudgels, my dear, and told her it was n't true in any particular; that Ned adored you and was an angel. Of course, he got drunk; that I knew, as all the world did, but you were used to that. It is n't true, is it? He never struck you? I'm sure he did n't! You'd have told a good friend like me, would n't you?

Well, just as Lady Jenks and I finished, the others came back from going through all the other rooms. We were every one of us dead tired; looking at pictures is so fatiguing. We decided to go back to the hotel and have tea in the garden. But I think it is a dear gallery, and to-morrow—we do n't leave till the next day—if we've any time left after doing the shops, I intend to go back and see the pictures all over again and those I have n't seen.

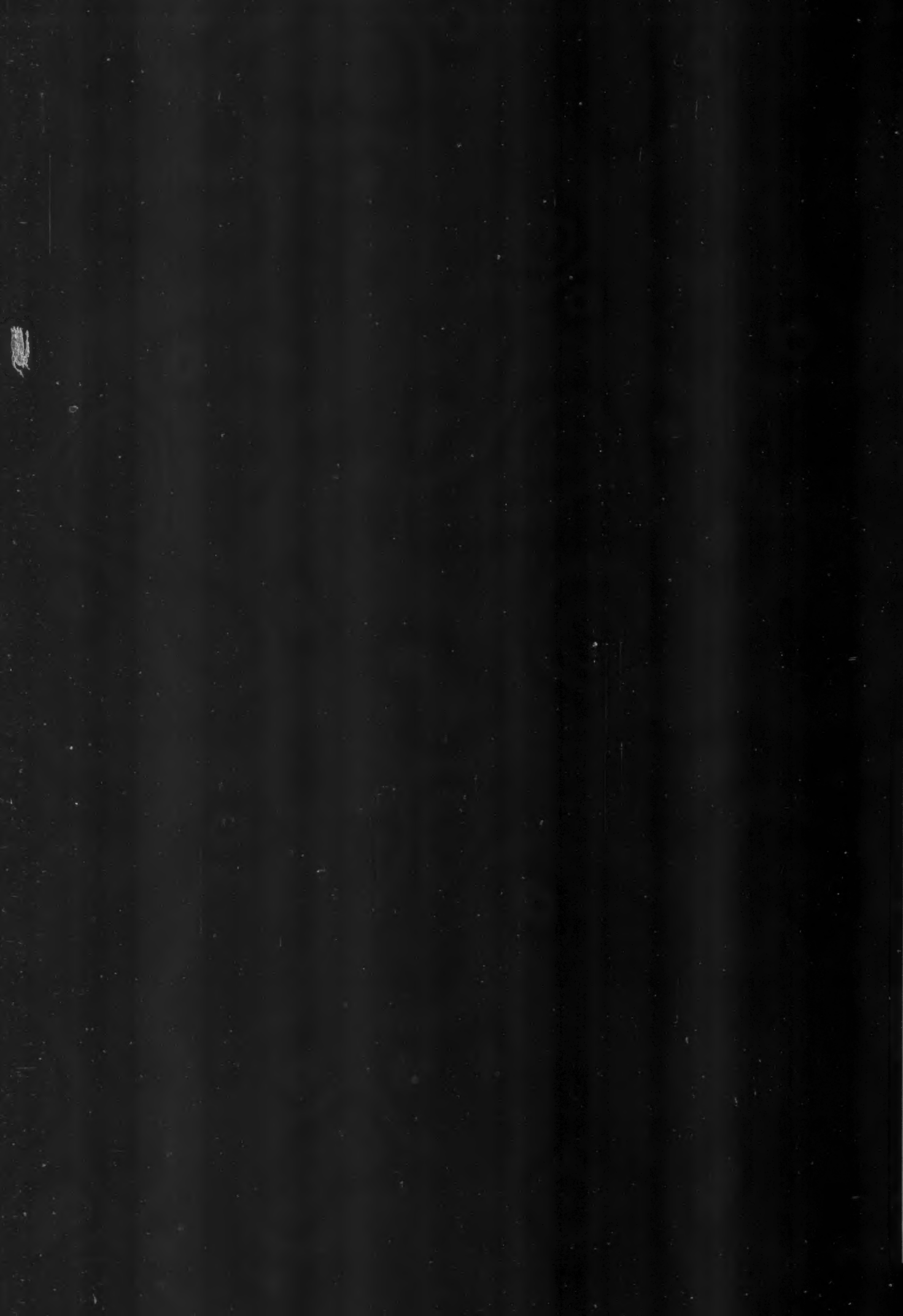
Write to Eaton sq.; the servants will forward. Poor things, they must have had a dull summer! They say the heat in town has been fearful! But I do n't think servants mind, do you? And then they have the run of the house. I am sure they use the drawing-room and sleep in my bed!

Good-bye,

Lovingly,

FANNY.

Aubrey says Janet's portrait is by Rembrandt, but I tell him I do n't think it was by a Frenchman at all, I think it was by Greuze.



A NOCTURNE

"I WILL arise and go unto my Dear,
And at her tiny mouth this longing slake;
Though she is sleeping and a chanticleer
Marks night's meridian, I'll bid her
wake
And walk with me the fields, while lev'rets feed
Where fauns of eld heard Pan's o'ermastering
reed."

Then I went out beneath the naked sky,—
Naked, because her vap'ry covering
Lay in that void where Lost Endeavors lie,
Which, when the far-off gods see hovering,
Like wraiths below the edges of our world,
Their lips at Man in proud contempt are curled.

As though the universe knew Mary slept,—
And silence reigned despotic in the spheres,
So motionless was ev'rything except
My heart, whose throb made discord in my
ears,

Nor moved there aught in Heaven's blue afar,
Save, twitching noiselessly, one nervous star.

It was a night such as the first night was,
When God, sole witness of the darkened earth,
Before dividing by omnipotent laws

Those elements akin to death and birth
Stood meditating on what should be done
Ere He conceived the image of the sun.

Then all desireless I walked alone,
Long in the mighty awe midnight inspires;
I heard a tremor from the dim Unknown,
Felt Hope replenish her low altar-fires,
And dying faith in Man new life-lease take,
But did not say, nor cared to say: "Awake!"

RALPH JOHNSON.

OUT OF THE HOUSE OF
BONDAGE

IT was a ragged and unkempt enough country;
the brown, stony hills, bristling with columnar cactus, whose only vegetable alternatives were the melancholy sagebrush, and a crawling, parasitic growth that spread its sticky mesh, red and hairy, from bush to bush with revolting persistency; and the man tramping up the chalky, choky, alkali roadbed, formed a fitting complement to the scene.

There was not one redeeming feature about him, from his fierce eyes and stubby red beard, to his clumsy boots and pendant bundle, and the evil humor of a recent debauch enwrapped him like a baleful mist.

An ill-favored cur slinking at his heels, and the rifle dangling from his red, right fist, marked him no

tramp; the desert reaches are much avoided by the Sons of Rest, some denizen of these ugly wilds was making for his lair.

Away behind his slouching figure, miles away, glimmering faintly through the throbbing white reflected from the dead soil, the valley lay green and gold; and a small stream, escaping noisily from the breasts of the swarthy summits, chattered of its stolen freedom, and tumbled over itself, staggering toward a gentler foster mother. The trail wound steadily up beside this fretful offspring of the chill, far-off snow; and the pedestrian trudged sullenly over its weary length, too savage, even, to sight his piece at a stray jack rabbit, till a great rock towering across the vista left scant room to the brawling creek and the path.

The dog pricked up his ears and broke into a trot as the wail of a young child broke on his ear distinct above the tumult of the stream, but a kick from his master sent him howling backward, then the grim gates fell away, and, with a curse, the squatter strode across his half-cultivated plat to his cabin door.

"Is supper cooked?"

The cabin's occupant started up with a weak, guilty cry:

"I never looked fur ye till dark, Dick!"

She was a burnt-out wisp of a woman in a faded gown that seemed to cast its greenish tone over a face that had once been pink and white, and hair that was golden before the greedy desert sun had filched its sheen. Even her eyes, never, probably, lit by a blaze of determined character, had grown ashen, the heats of life had scorched and withered all the tender sprouts of interest and affection that might once have found root within her.

She shrank under the coarse upbraidings of the man in a repressed fashion, such shrinking was like to be fresh offense to his temper, laid down her babe in silence, and set to work.

The squatter stood his rifle by the door and dropped into a seat, with his red beard sunk into his shirt and his hands deep in his pockets. His moody eyes dwelt on the stunted saplings of his hoped-for orchard, and the yellowing, yet-unheaded grain, and the great rock gate of the cañon shut them into their parched, iron-bound world. The fumes of his last plunge into forgetfulness still haunted him, the pitiless sun mocked and mowed at him over the walls of his self-chosen prison, the creek jeered and hooted as it fled away, and the rocks grinned, showing their teeth at their victim.

He kicked the dog to break the hideous spell, and when its yelping woke the sleeping child, found fresh vent in storming at his cry.

"'T were th' dorg," the woman pleaded in apathetic meekness. "It frightened 'im!" lifting him to her lean bosom.

She moved awkwardly about the untidy room, tending her cookery with one hand and hushing the baby on her arm, with furtive glances at her lord as

some fresh paroxysm of discomfort forced it to louder infantile protest.

Far up the gulch a new sound mingled with the everlasting babble of the stream, a thrilling, boyish whistle, yet untuned to hopelessness. The little one swallowed its sobs anticipatively, and his mother slipped to the door, drawn by the suave shrilling as a Highlander is drawn by his pipes, but the man stirred uneasily on his chair.

"Drat the boy!" he growled. "I'll teach him to make that damn racket!"

"Home, Sweet Home" jarred on his fevered senses.

The whistling ceased abruptly at a warning "Dad's come!" from the doorway, but the lank cur rushed out with loud welcome for the one wholesome human about the place, and the baby stretched his puny arms to the freckled fists reached up to him. A little patient sigh heaved the woman's breast as her narrow shoulders drooped from their tension, and she turned back without another word to her bacon, scorched, and filling the cabin with its pungent smoke.

She set bread and salt upon the bare table, brought the coffee-pot, and, dishing out the bacon and potatoes, she touched her husband, Dick, upon the shoulder.

His sombre gaze had been following the boy's unsteady progress, with his sunny, hatless mop of red bobbing below his peevish load; he turned upon her like a bayed grizzly.

"Wot made yer come?" he demanded.

She stood staring at him blankly, the blackened tin pot half turned in her seamed, blackened fingers.

"Wot made yer come?" he cried again, more savagely. "Here! damn it! Wot brought yer to this stinkin' desert hole?"

"You came," in a stupefied murmur.

And the squatter laughed—a wretched, derisive outburst, mirthless and pitiless.

"Yer a fool, Mary! a fool!" he shouted.

The woman fell back with a smothered moan; her free hand sought to cover her whitened cheeks. It was not the first time he had struck her in those seven dragging years.

"Do n't ye, Dick," she whimpered. He laughed again.

Her face was even duller and more ashen as she crossed the plat under the dipping sun to call the children home. The blue mark under her eye lent it a ghastly hollowness, and made her look very old. "Dad's yon," she drawled to the boy's query. She took the baby out of his arms, and hid her bruise with the cool velvet of its skin. The lad crowded against her other side, rubbing his head on her arm, like a young calf on its dam. "Wot's ther matter uv yer, ma?" he whispered wistfully, but a single shot from up the cañon sent him careering off, running up the trail like a deer, and shout-

ing back "Dad's got sunthin'! Dad's got sunthin'!" at the top of his boyish lungs.

She was back at the cabin again, with the child's mouth dragging out her strength, and the brooding Madonna peace settled for an instant on her wan features, when an approaching, insistent sobbing pricked her ears and stilled her heart.

Her lip was bitten bloodless between her teeth as she sprang to the door. Even a wounded animal will battle for its young.

The squatter was coming home.

Supporting himself between his still smoking rifle and the crying, frightened boy, with his cur slinking dejected and unnoted at his heels, Dick of the red beard was dragging painfully up the rocky way, swearing and groaning with every move. He leaned heavily and more heavily on his slender prop as the woman bent, dazed and trembling, to this new task. His ruddy face had gone grey as hers, and a frightened devil lurked in his bleared eyes.

"God A'mighty he'p me, Mary!" he faltered, as he fell across his bunk. "I'm done for this time, sure!" She tore the scorched shirting from about his wound, and tried to staunch its flow; but all in a second the huge frame collapsed under her touch, and he was gone.

By-and-by the little baby cried, and the woman rose, shivering, from her knees. She moved hurriedly here and there, closing the glazed eyes, covering the stark figure with a quilt. Horror and loathing weighed upon her; no spark of tenderness for him dead came to her from the miserable past. She took the little one in her arms and went to the door. "Come, Dick!" she called to the sobbing boy. "Come, Rags!"

The dog crawled from beneath the bunk, whining dismally, and putting his paws on the cover, he laid a cold nose against the dead man's face.

"Come, Rags!" she called again, impatiently. With one long howl, a mournful coronach, he dropped from the bed and darted over the threshold.

The squatter's widow shuddered as she crossed the trail of blood upon the step; the latch fell with a click. "Whar be we goin', ma?" questioned the boy. "I dunno," she murmured blankly; "to the town."

Her step was firm and her head erect as she turned into the main road and passed the frowning jaws of the gulch.

The last sun rays flooded all the bare hill-breasts with rosy light, the tall cacti pointed like guide-posts to the valley, still glimmering green beyond the cañon mouth, the boy and dog frisked before her, unconscious of past and future, and as she tramped steadily, under her light burden, down the white, interminable trail, hope was born, struggling, into the woman's soul.

GERTRUDE B. MILLARD.

THE DILETTANTE IN MUSIC

I HAVE never met a professional musician who had not a sneer for the layman's knowledge of music. Now I am quite ready to admit that the average man deserves the sneer. He, like Louis XII, admires music from a respectful "distance of complete ignorance." When he speaks of music he does not mean the art, but the pleasurable effects—pathological or reminiscent—which come to him from hearing a melody or certain harmonies. I know a man who finds a destroying witchery of fascination and subtlety in Mr. DeKoven's *Ob! Promise Me*, and in that suave cantilena *The Blow Almost Killed Father*, and he is a fair representative of that public, which says: "Of course I'm not exactly a musician, but—I like music."

Unquestionably this man receives certain agreeable impressions from the fortuitous meeting of a woman, a piano-forte, and *Ob! Promise Me*. Still his subjective feelings have no more to do with music than the carved legs of the piano or the cut of the singer's bodice. His judgment should carry no weight; his opinions lend themselves to the sneer of the professional musician; always his taste has been at fault, and always the beautiful in art has appeared abominable to him and the class of which he is the representative. It is, indeed, a commonplace that the public—even that public which is literate and not quite poverty-stricken in culture—has always been wrong in its judgment of musical works.

This, I say, is a commonplace.

There is a touch of the paradoxical, however, in bringing against the musicians the same charge they have brought against the unmusical public. And yet the whole history of modern music rises up to support the charge. In fact, an exceptionally good case might be made out for refusing to musicians the right to judge music. The great composer has always had to make his way, not only against the public, but against the musicians, and, commonly, the musicians have been his bitterest enemies and most unscrupulous detractors. The new and unwonted has proved quite as disturbing to the professional musician as to the layman.

Sound enough reasons may be found for the professional musician's proneness to false judgment. The chief reason, I surmise, is the lack of broad, general culture. As a usual thing the musician is narrow and shallow. He is not only ignorant of all arts save his own, he is commonly ignorant of his own. The development in him of the æsthetic sense has been stunted by an undue preponderance of purely technical studies. His musical education has been gained at the expense of his musical taste. His imaginative wings are preened only for contrapuntal-flights.

It would be absurd, of course, to cry down the technical study of any art, but an education exclusively technical (all that most musicians get) produces only pedants, who are able to condemn or praise a work after the glorious, trenchant fashion of ignorance—exactly like the unmusical public. To be sure the pedant judges wholly by the letter, while the public judges exclusively by the spirit, but for all critical purposes the barren objectivity of the professional musician is quite as vicious and arrant as the lawless subjectivity of the layman.

To appreciate an art one need not know its craftsmanship; one need not be a painter to estimate the artistic worth of a painting, nor, as Dr. Johnson pointed out in his common-sense way, need one be a joiner in order to select a comfortable chair. Far more indispensable is it that one should have the artistic sense; and this, it should be remembered, is comparatively as rare among musical craftsmasters as among the laymen. Yet there is modesty about the layman, and he stands aloof at King Louis' respectful distance. The technician and specialist, however, who also lacks the artistic sense, never hesitates to pronounce an opinion on musical works, though he is quite as blind to the spirit of music as the layman is to its letter.

Weber's verdict—uttered with hysterical emphasis—on the Fourth Symphony of Beethoven is not unfair illustration of the æsthetic blindness of the technician. Doubtless King Louis derived some gratification from the trumpeting of *L'Homme Armé*. The public, which is quite ignorant of the very elements of the art of music, has a subjective sense of gratification at hearing the *Ballet des Sylphes* from the *Damnation of Faust*. Of course an entire side of the musical art has escaped them, but it is a question whether they lose more than the technician who is not an æsthetician.

The ideal auditor would be he who knew the letter and yet was not blind to the spirit. He should have at once technical knowledge, a trained ear, and the æsthetic sense.

In a word he should be a *dilettante*.

That abused and bespattered word! This age which is so proud of its science and its exactitude—which swallows the fallacy that even in the arts $2 + 2 = 4$ and a number of little things will make a great one—has done all it could to heap obloquy on the *dilettante*. It has turned his very name into a term of reproach. To call a man a *dilettante* is equivalent to shrugging one's shoulders at him or blowing cigarette smoke in his face. And yet, I fancy, he is the saving salt of æsthetics. He not only supports the arts; he preserves the good and destroys the bad. In fact he alone has the right to vote himself into the chair and set about the business of separating the sheep from the goats. The public, as I have said, cannot estimate the artistic value of a musical work, and the professional musician—lacking in general culture, with an imperfectly de-

veloped æsthetic sense, a partisan of schools and systems—has commonly proved himself wrong in his estimate of new works. On the other hand the *dilettanti* have judged savantly and impartially, and in almost every instance their judgment has been confirmed.

Definitions are always deceptive and defective, but the *dilettante* may be got at by defining him as one whose æsthetic sense is finely cultivated and who has a tolerably adequate knowledge of the craftsmanship of the arts. Above all he has the sense of beauty. It has been bred in him by that general culture from which the specialist is excluded. Had not Richard Wagner, by his extraordinary mental activity been urged into creative work, he would have been an illustrious example of the *dilettante*. His culture was ample and fine. It was this quality, I believe, which attracted so immediately, the attention of the *dilettanti*. Even before they had gained a right understanding of the music-drama, many *dilettanti*, reckless from old disappointments, entered into the Wagnerian idea, as heart-broken girls enter a convent. Time has justified this rather uncritical enthusiasm, and yet it can hardly be forgiven, for it was an enthusiasm based solely upon æsthetic approval, and was therefore one-sided and—if not false—deficient. It was not dilettantesque. It never becomes the *dilettante* to consider the musical contents and not the form, the idea and not the arrangement, the inspiration and not the craftsmanship.

I have long expected that this illogical haste of approbation would have a reaction, and already there are signs of its incoming. It seems probable that by way of revenge for this æsthetic precipitancy, the *dilettanti* of the future may leave to Wagner only the barren credit of being an expert and drily mechanical composer. Indeed Mr. George Bernard Shaw, a not inconspicuous *dilettante*, has already compared Wagner to Handel, finding in each an extreme regularity of procedure and a strong regard for system, order, symmetry, logic and syntax. This is merely the backward swing of the pendulum—an attempt of the *dilettante* who yielded too readily to the æsthetic part of Wagner's music to justify himself by a too exclusive attention to its mechanical side.

The case of Wagner is the only one I recall in which the judgment of the *dilettanti* was thus precipitate and one-sided. In the main, they have been sound judges, careful makers of reputation, responsible moulders of opinion. For an estimate of the music of the day I should be quite willing to trust the "collective wisdom" of individual dilettantisms. For instance, I accept their judgment on Richard Strauss. Indeed, his case comes pat to my argument. The musicians have been vastly pleased with his artifices of realization in the *Eulenspiegel*; but the *dilettanti* have proclaimed—in spite of the tags and pourpoints of instrumentation—

the leanness and poverty of the musical conception. Indeed, since Glück, the dilettantesque public has always reproved those who seek in music what it cannot express, and neglect the music itself to wanton with petty, negligible fancies.

I would not have you infer that the æsthetic part of the public—the men of catholic culture, instructed in the arts—are always agreed, or that they are never shocked by novelty. Often they are as quarrelsome as the musicians and as antagonistic to the new. Often they are seduced by cheap effects of *timbre*, vulgar rhythms, "catchy" airs. In the end, however, they are always right. The technician is largely swayed by his personal taste, his *gragb* for this school or that; the plain, inartistic man "likes a tune" or does not "like" it; among the *dilettanti*, however, you find few differences of opinion. The more cultivated men are, the higher their degree of artistic education, the less widely do their opinions diverge.

In spite of a good musical ear, the habit of attentive listening and sensitiveness to æsthetic impressions, the *dilettante* is not always ready to pronounce upon a new work at its first hearing. Those very pages which pleased him most at first, after awhile—to use the immortal phrase of the Calcutta baboo—"expose their *cui bono* in all its native hideousness." The first time the work was interesting; the second time it was intolerable, flat. What, then, was the charm? Unquestionably, it was the seduction of novelty. The new formulæ were captivating simply because they were new; once solved they became banal and empty. It is for this reason that the experienced *dilettante* distrusts novelty, and if he yields to its influence—as in a degree he must—he takes care to bother himself very little with the craftsmanship, the process, the technical procedure, and gives heed mainly to the musical contents.

In the life of even the most accomplished *dilettante* there come moments when the artist wakes in him, when form seduces him—this last illusion! And it is only when the analytic passion burns out that he recalls that the form is, after all, mainly a concern of the craftsman. The musician (like the poet, painter, and artist in general) has only one legitimate purpose—that of giving an impression, of conveying a sentiment; and all failure consists in inability to produce the desired impression or convey the determined thought. For the composer of music it is essential only that he should attain the style that best fits his artistic temperament. Musicians today are not wholly untainted with the heresy of art for art's sake—a vile heresy, responsible for much printed and painted silliness in decades gone by. The *dilettante* should shun this pitfall. The analytic interest of the form of a musical work should appeal to musical artificers—not to the *dilettanti* for whom the music is constructed.

The intellectual habit of the age is analytic; the simple diversion of "seeing the wheels go round"

has been raised to the dignity of a science; and one is liable to forget that there are certain qualities that slip through the meshes of analysis and that every equation cannot be worked out to a congratulatory Q. E. D. In music, and indeed in all the arts, the most complex conceptions have hid themselves in extreme simplicity of form. The most intense effects are precisely those that baffle analysis.

No sincere and modest technician over æsthetician would undertake to tell why a masterpiece is a masterpiece, why a work of beauty is a work of beauty. Often, I admit, he may point out certain qualities in a work—in a musical phrase—and thus call to the attention of the inattentive amateur beauties that have passed unnoticed, but always there remains that synthetic beauty, which cannot be analyzed, which cannot be explained, which cannot be translated into other terms. Of the quality of this beauty, the *dilettante*—he of the cultivated senses and trained perceptions—is the only judge. He is the court of last resort. He is the final appraiser of the artistic value of the wares constructed by those artisans of art—the painters, poets, musicians. His right to pronounce judgment rests upon a sound basis. His personal taste has reached a high degree of evolution. He has no disturbing passion for novelty. He has passed through all phases of musical opinion and has freed himself from the prejudices of the schools and systems. Above all he has got clear away from the pernicious influence of the lust for technical analysis. He has no roguish desire to “see the wheels go round.” He recognizes that the secret of all good art is that the artist shall have something to say, and say it with a frugal adjustment of means to the end.

It is only the æsthetic significance of a work of art that is of any lasting importance, and of this significance only the broadly cultured man—the *dilettante*—is qualified to judge.

VANCE THOMPSON.

THE BETTER LOT

HER life was bound to crutches: pale and bent,
But smiling ever, she would go and come;
For of her soul God made an instrument
Of strength and comfort to an humble home.

Better a life of toil and slow disease,
That love companions through the patient years,
Than one whose heritage is loveless ease,
That never knows the blessedness of tears.

MADISON CAWEIN.



REVIEWS

THROUGH FRENCH LORGNETTES

THE ENGLISH STAGE: BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE VICTORIAN DRAMA.—By Augustin Filon. Translated from the French by Frederic Whyte, with an introduction by Henry Arthur Jones. 8vo. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.50.

ALL that Victorian dramatists have been able to accomplish, “contemporaneous posterity,” speaking in the person of M. Filon, long resident in London, summarizes thus: “Among the French critics who have done me the honor of following my work during its serial publication, more than one has come to the conclusion that, after all, these new English dramas were not such great affairs, and that it was hardly worth while to make so much fuss about them. They forget, these good people, that I promised them no marvels; I did not invite them to a display of masterpieces. If there are to be masterpieces at all, they will be of to-morrow, not of to-day.” Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, in the “preface,” which he rightly conjectures is rather a supplement to the author’s work, accepts this view with much meekness, and bemoans the fact he in turn educes, that there is no English drama now, that it has been clubbed into lifelessness, and that “those who were leading it stand, for the moment, defeated and discredited before their countrymen.” As both gentlemen speak with authority, Great Britain appears to be dramatically as infelicitous as the United States.

M. Filon, in his international moments, lends a new odiousness to comparisons—as any impartial critic must, who considers the French and English dramas of yesterday and the day before. The disparity, before the recent arrival of Messrs. Jones, Grundy and Pinero, was nothing less than appalling. But one of the causes which has made this disparity so great, the lack of efficient criticism, the author misses. He has nothing but the kindest words indiscriminately for Mr. Clement Scott and Mr. William Archer. Critic though he be, and the shrewdness of M. Filon’s analysis, though shallow, is incontestable, he can not criticize critics. He observes, however, that “dramatic criticism and musical criticism, owing to the natural gifts which they require, are two absolutely different callings,” a discovery which has yet to be made by the journals of America, which, desperate as is the condition of their English contemporaries, are in still worse plight.

Generally speaking, the Victorian writers of drama bring from M. Filon’s armory the single weapon of scorn. “*Virginius* is an excellent father, a liberal-minded member of the middle class, interesting himself in politics. . . . The whole household is

tranquil, well behaved, Christian—I might even say Puritan.” Douglas Jerrold was a forerunner of better things, but his *Black-eyed Susan* serves chiefly to bring forth the astute observation that “the prolonged success of such a piece shows the delight which the lower sections of the public derive from the extravagant and the absurd,—the gross idealism, as one may call it, of the masses.” Bulwer Lytton “was really but a clever man and a dandy, . . . his history was false history, his ‘middle-ages’ bric-a-brac, his poetry mere rhetoric, his democracy a farce, his human heart a heart that never beat in a man’s breast, his books mere windy bladders,” and *Richelieu* is a “mixture of bad Hugo with worse Dumas.”

Tom Taylor was “a painstaking, prolific mediocrity,” Dion Boucicault “plagiarism incarnate,” and Tom Robertson involved “in a warfare of words.” It is for Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft that M. Filon reserves his first words of praise, in having brought together a compact company of actors. The playwrights of the present day are accorded discriminating treatment, although Mr. W. S. Gilbert comes in for a psychological analysis which shows that his wit is beyond his critic’s grasp. Real merit, so the book holds, resides only in Messrs. Jones, Grundy, and Pinero, and then only to the extent indicated in the opening paragraph of this review. There is a cordial appreciation of Tennyson’s dramatic gifts, an appreciation rather more cordial, in fact, than the laureate’s countrymen have been accustomed to grant him. A chapter on Ibsen follows. In him M. Filon discovers a genius far more in accord with English needs and prepossessions than that of France. This impartial view, which, though not new, has here more elaborate treatment than has been accorded it before, has the entire approval of Mr. Jones; the Ibsen tendency is traced through the writings of the dramatists of the hour. The works of Browning and Mr. Swinburne are surrendered to the critics of poetry. M. Maeterlinck is barely mentioned.

Leaving Sir Henry Irving on the eminence to which he has raised himself, he is held to be “better as Richard III than as Macbeth;” and the gallantry of the author’s nation is justified in his remark that Ellen Terry is “an actress of the finest and most delicate talent, whose charm has resisted the passing of the years.” Some English critics who have had far less kindly things to say of Mme. Bernhardt come into mind. “From America have come Mary Anderson, whose statuesque attitudes are well remembered; and, more recently, Ada Rehan, who gave us so modern and so alluring a Rosalind”—which disposes of the Great Republic’s claim to attention here. M. Filon succeeds in leaving the impression always that personal acquaintance modifies his judgments—he is often more friend than critic. And he is much more sympathetic toward the players than toward the playwrights.

Possibly the best word for the manner of the book is “smart.” M. Filon remarks, “There are no extenuating circumstances for literary mistakes.” He says, early in the work, “A secret marriage is always introduced in English plays wherever a seduction is to be found in ours,” and later, when he takes up the subject of the absurd British censorship, “Where our authors have had the effrontery to write the word ‘cocotte’ in black and white, they (the English) replace it by the words ‘actress.’ Where we have unblushingly written ‘adultery,’ they have substituted ‘flirtation,’”—a succinct description of the process of adaptation. “Melo-drama, considered either as a variation from drama proper or as a separate type, is not to be raised to the dignity of literature by a thin veneer of poetry” is as true as it is sententious; and this finds M. Filon and the CHAP-BOOK in entire accord: “It is probable that Shakespeare has been, and is still, the great obstacle to a free development of a national drama”—wherever, he might have added, the English language is spoken.

The translator has striven earnestly for the retention of Gallic vivacity in his work, as some of the foregoing examples show—as well as the difficulties attendant upon such an effort. The book is worthily presented and the one pity of it is, that for this edition some account could not have been given of the national drama of the United States—if only for the sake of affording a literary companion to that famous chapter on the snakes of Ireland.

THOMAS AND MATTHEW ARNOLD

ARNOLD OF RUGBY. HIS SCHOOL LIFE AND CONTRIBUTIONS TO EDUCATION. Edited by J. J. Findlay, M.A. 8vo. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

THOMAS AND MATTHEW ARNOLD; AND THEIR INFLUENCE ON ENGLISH EDUCATION.—By Sir Joshua Fitch, M.A., LL.D. 12mo. Charles Scribner’s Sons. \$1.00.

AFTER years of patient effort, it is now possible for an American to obtain an education in which, from kindergarten to post-graduation, it will not be necessary for him to take public or private part in any offering of prayer, or to hear the name of God mentioned either reverently or officially.

The elder Arnold, who imparted to the pupils placed in his care an education which was “not based upon religion, but was itself religious,” speaks in the former of these books of what he calls “the devil’s *tour d’adresse*”: “Satan,” he says “by inducing kings and queens to conform nominally to Christianity, and thus to get in their hands the direction of Christian society, has, in a great measure,

succeeded in keeping out the peculiar principles of that society from any extended sphere of operation, and in ensuring the ascendancy of his own." A similar view, expressed in language more vigorous, he would doubtless hold in respect to our American schools, the more so that our system denies to any school where religious instruction is given all assistance from the state.

Mr. Findlay's book, by preserving Thomas Arnold's own account of the plan he offered in substitution for godliness, is of the first value to students of ethics and pedagogics alike. With rare self-effacement, the editor stands aside and permits the edited to discuss his boys, their habits and aspirations, and the manner in which he swerved them toward righteousness, turning the Boetian school of one generation into what Carlyle called the "temple of industrious peace" of the next—substituting unassuming piety for irreligion among the Rugby boys at the universities. It is to be seen that the means by which such results were achieved had their root in Arnold's personality. He was able to impart to the young a portion of his own fervor and enthusiasm.

All this and more, to the same good end, is to be read in Mr. Findlay's compilation. He takes enough of Dean Stanley's admirable *Life of Arnold* to give his readers a clear idea of the man's humanity, and with this combines a number of Arnold's most characteristic sermons and educational papers, adding a bibliography and analytical index. As a result we have the gist of many volumes in the compass of one—compact, succinct, and conclusive.

Sir Joshua Fitch's book is at once less selective and of broader scope. From external sources he shows how the elder Arnold made good Dr. Hawkins's prophecy that "he would change the face of education all through the public schools of England." He searches out and dwells upon the salient ideas behind the teachings at Rugby. Admitting that "the student of methodology is likely to be disappointed," he extols Arnold as a preacher who held that "mental cultivation is a religious duty," and as a prophet to whose influence, though "rather stimulative than formative," is to be traced the social settlements of to-day, and all those myriad activities whereby the rich and poor, the learned and ignorant, are being brought together. There is much that is valuable, in a less transcendent way. Thomas Hughes is shown, for example, to have given an erroneous conception of the school he loved, through the fact of his not having been of the best set in it.

But it is as the former colleague of Matthew Arnold that Sir Joshua is most interesting. Formerly the inspector of training colleges, he had unusual opportunities for knowing both the man and his work on a side of which too little has been said. Matthew Arnold did not like his lifelong occupation of seeing that others taught the infant idea correctly.

But, as his work was most conscientiously done and he was one of the chief agencies whereby many English schools, sectarian and otherwise, were brought to a standard which entitled them to governmental aid—the "payment for results" system now adopted in qualified form in New York, and more recently in Wisconsin—all that was accomplished is of the first value to us. His investigations into the methods in use in Germany, France, Holland, and Switzerland are made even more valuable by some discriminating comment from his colleague. Everything is set forth at considerable length, and much of it is of great consequence, owing to the injunction against a formal biography. Sir Joshua has made a worthy addition to our knowledge of the man, both as an individual and as an educator.

AN INHUMAN BOOK

EQUALITY.—By Edward Bellamy. 12mo. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

IN his preface Mr. Bellamy excuses *Equality* by pleading that "*Looking Backward* was a small book and I was not able to get into it all I wished." A better excuse would have been that he was not able to get out of it all he wished. The best reason in the world for writing *Equality* would be that *Looking Backward* was enormously profitable. But we have already given it as our opinion that Mr. Bellamy lacks even this excuse. He is a sincere man who believes he has a message, and he fails in realizing that the message is only half-baked. He occupies a peculiar position. With no standing whatever among exact students, he stands before the great public as an authority. He does not himself realize that he has the meretriciousness of the dabbler in science and some of the dangerousness of the demagogue.

We must admit that *Looking Backward* was timely and therefore interesting. The trick of introducing a nineteenth century man into the society of the twenty-first century was as old as English literature, and there was nothing particularly startling to the student of collectivism in the new life as pictured by Mr. Bellamy. But the author found a public saturated with the theories of the socialists and only doubtful as to the practical application of a system opposed to all the small traditions of modern society. He was the first American to crystallize socialistic theory into action. He did it plausibly, and, on the whole, agreeably. He wiped out with a confident hand the laws that men have made and the laws that have made men. He is a good teller of fairy stories and he found a great many children to listen to this tale. The ordinary American, if he spoke the truth, would acknowledge that *Jack and the Bean Stalk* seems more reasonable to him than the theory of the Differentiation of Species, as it certainly is more wholesome.

But Mr. Bellamy is not a mere dealer in fairy tales. He imagines that he is also a profound social philosopher. His conceit is by no means unnatural, for a great many worthy persons accept him as a prophet. We should say that nine-tenths of the socialism preached outside the ranks of the labor unions, where socialism is merely a safe medium for the expression of radical discontent, is based upon *Looking Backward*. Nine-tenths of our socialists have never read any other "authority" on the subject. It is to this class who swallowed *Looking Backward* hungrily that Mr. Bellamy carries "further details" of his *Republic of the Golden Rule*. He furnishes new grist for the mills that have ground *Looking Backward* to fine dust. He brings his scheme of equality of ownership down to the plane of their commonplace intelligence. They are told that the citizen of the new republic will be paid \$4,000 a year in the "circulating medium" of the new Elysium—"which is equal to about \$7,000 of the old money" and "represents the interest on a capitalization of \$100,000." To the ordinary man this is a most alluring picture. We might say that even the most extraordinary man would exhaust his self-restraint in resisting its captivations. But this is not all. Even when a man has spent his income on paper clothes, phonographs, and baths—the chief amusements of the twenty-first century voluptuary—his friends will take care of him. Mr. Bellamy does not say whether he will discount his future income, thus opening the way for a return of the fatal hoarding of the circulating medium called "capitalism." But it would be unkind to disturb a glowing picture of altruism by suggesting the possibility that anything human, either in vice or virtue, could invade this domain of joy. There are no human beings in the book. There are no human emotions. The characters talk as no human being ever talked. Yet we have no question that Mr. Bellamy's huge clientele will accept everything in "equality" as perfectly natural, will rejoice in the easy way in which the author leaps over obstacles that would paralyze a real student, and will read the long-drawn and nerve-exhausting disquisitions of the doctor and Julien West with the profound belief that Mr. Bellamy has solved the problem of centuries and spoken the last word on socialism. What people who really know about the question will think is another matter. It is enough for Mr. Bellamy's purpose that *Equality* will have a hundred readers where the last book of Herbert Spencer has one.

The author expressly reserves "the right of dramatization." This is a necessary precaution. A thrilling play could be made out of *Equality* on these lines: Act I. Scene: Dr. Leete's house: "Life the basis of the right of property." "Private capital stolen from the social fund." Act II. Scene: Dr. Leete's house: "Economic suicide of the profit system." "The parable of the water tank." "The plunge of capital." Act III.

Scene: Dr. Leete's house: "Foreign commerce under profits." "What universal culture means." "The Malthusian objection." Curtain.

BROWNING

BOSTON BROWNING SOCIETY PAPERS; SELECTED TO REPRESENT THE WORK OF THE SOCIETY FROM 1886 TO 1897.—8vo. The Macmillan Company. \$3.00.

THE RING AND THE BOOK.—By Robert Browning. Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. 8vo. T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$2.00.

"APPROACH a great writer," says Professor Dowden, "in the spirit of cheerful and trustful fraternity; this is better than hero-worship." Matthew Arnold, upon the founding of the Wordsworth Society, warned his fellow-members: "If we are to get Wordsworth recognized by the public, we must recommend him, not in the spirit of a clique, but in the spirit of disinterested lovers of poetry." Finally, Mr. Stopford Brooke advises against all "who deceive themselves into a belief that they enjoy poetry because they enjoy Browning, while they never open Milton, and have only heard of Chaucer and Spenser." These extracts were gathered by Mr. A. J. George, embodied by him in one of the papers read before the Boston Browning Society, and are now published in this its book; and they fairly represent the attitude of mind in which that externally formidable body waits upon its *raison d'être*. Not unstinted nor thoughtless praise, but true discrimination, real catholicity, and rational criticism are its characteristics. And as the papers before us are merely searching indications of so intelligent and valuable an attitude, they acquire an immediate value, which the slightest appearance of undue prepossession or over-enthusiasm would have denied them. An examination of the list of contents is a guaranty of this; for many names known best in America in connection with interests other than Browning's are to be found attached to the papers read—frequently as invited guests, rather than members. The society certainly has convictions sufficiently high to withstand discussions.

"That the literary criticism pursued by the society has been broad in scope as well as impartial and scholarly in quality," says the *Prefatory Note* signed by the officers of the organization, "these papers may demonstrate to the most sceptical of those who in the past have failed to perceive the significance of the literary movement which the society represents, and therefore have failed to appreciate the value and permanency of its results." Open as this sounds, such a reading and re-reading as much of the contents of the book warrant can only serve to strengthen it. "I do not believe there are half a dozen really fine images in that vast collection of poetry!" Mr.

George Dimmick Latimer exclaims to the Brownings, and in an able essay fairly makes good his assertion. "*Paciorotto*," says Mr. William J. Rolfe, "seems to me little else than an illustration of the poet's mastery of rhyme run mad. . . . Let us be thankful that our poet only now and then gave way to such rhyming foolery." Mr. Francis B. Hornbrooke judges another work thus: "Its sentences are often abrupt and unfinished, and its structure is rude. After having read *Mr. Sludge, the Medium*, many times, I cannot recall a really great line or a passage which a reader might select for recitation." Miss Charlotte Porter admits that "*Strafford* rests under the adverse cloud of preconceived opinion as to the capabilities of art." "I doubt," says Professor Charles Carroll Everett of the poet's obscurities, "if the thought of Browning is often so large that it cannot be clearly expressed." Of certain melodramatic effects in *The Return of the Druses*, Mr. Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., observes: "But in a writer who professes to strike at once right down to the roots of human nature we do not want our attention distracted by—shall I say pyrotechnics?"—and adds later, "What is more serious is the lack of grasp on language as a whole, thinness, paleness, bloodlessness." While Mr. Henry Jones, in an able discussion of Browning as a dramatic poet, says generally, "His dramas are like fugues in music; the main theme is caught up now by this voice, now by that. . . . Till we exclaim—'But where is the music'?" But enough has surely been given to show both the nature and the tendency of the adverse criticism. The titles of some of the essays will prove how intimately Browning is held to be related to other poets: *The Optimism of Browning and Wordsworth*, *The Classical Element in Browning's Poetry*, *Homer and Browning*, *The Greek Spirit in Shelley and Browning*,—all these use the implements of comparative criticism, not of simple eulogy. And certainly such names as those of Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Professor Josiah Royce, the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Mr. William Cranston Lawton, and Miss Vida D. Scudder, with others, are convincing evidence of the breadth of vision in the book.

It would be most unfair to every one concerned if any impression were given by this writing that the criticism in the book were adverse, taken as a whole. There is praise in abundance for every virtue of the poet, philosopher and dramatist—enough to satisfy the most exacting of his worshipers—but it is just praise, which will content hundreds where another course would have driven them away. The large octavo volume itself, with its finely discriminating contents, will remain Browning's highest praise; and it is a landmark in the field of American criticism.

Following the greater work, the publication of *The Ring and the Book*, there repeatedly declared to be Browning's masterpiece, comes as a welcome appendix, affording opportunity to make concrete

much of the discussion. Both of the editors of the smaller have papers in the larger volume, and their joint *Introductory Essay* would be appropriate in either. For the rest, the text has the verses numbered for the first time—an improvement so obvious that we wonder why the editors did not avail themselves of it and make the references in their notes accordingly. The editing is carefully done, the illustrations little of a distraction, and the critical notes explanatory to a point almost painful—as where the somewhat famous phrase *e pluribus unum* is translated into English.

IN THE LAND OF SUNRISE

GLEANINGS IN THE BUDDAH-FIELDS: STUDIES OF HAND AND SOUL IN THE FAR EAST.—By Lafcadio Hearn. 16mo. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

THAT was a suggestive saying of the household critic who, being asked to declare the reason of her liking for Lafcadio Hearn, hesitated, faltered, and finally admitted: "I do n't quite know whether it is Hearn I like—or Japan." For the author has a charming subject. Old romance clings about the land of the Mikado, yet the modern spirit seems to have found most emphatic expression there. Japan appeals to the dreamer by its atmosphere of consideration and calm. It enchants the practical man by its ready appreciation of the railroad and the battleship. No other nation, perhaps, so abounds in inspiration and incitement for every temperament and mood.

The misfortune is that, when inspiration so abounds it becomes painfully easy to exalt the thing treated and depreciate the man who writes of it. The attitude of the ingenuous female is no uncommon one. It has wrought injustice to other delightful books of Mr. Hearn's, four or more, on this theme, and the present inclusive group of essays may have been brought together with that fact in view. The sub-title indicates their comprehensive range. It does no more than justice to their scholarly thoroughness and their convincing effect. On themes as diverse as a civic holiday, pictorial art, folk-lore, and Buddhism, Mr. Hearn discourses with comprehension and admirable sympathy. If one chose to be hypercritical he might trace the zeal of the new convert in two of the essays, "Out of the Street" and "Buddhists Allusions in Japanese Folk-song"—in which, on occasion, the translator is able to manifest an indiscriminating admiration for verse that is sufficiently commonplace. In the large view, however, his studies are sane as well as sympathetic. He is not bound by Occidental standards, but he is at least unresentful of them, and the comparisons to which they assist him are, one feels, not wholly unfair when they are most unflattering.

The most important of these essays, "Nirvana: A Study in Synthetic Buddhism," is, perhaps, less

explicitly controversial than some others; but by implication it quite confounds our creeds. Mr. Hearn's statement of the Buddhist faith studiously ignores the mystery and miracle which the amusing Blavatsky and her congeners insisted upon. It is he more attractive, by reason of its logical fullness and the lucid self-possession of its tone. The prime distinction of the essay, however, seems to us its very suggestive presentation of the harmony between Buddhism and Evolution—a phase of the problem of religion-and-science reconciliation which has probably never occurred to the average Western reader. At first glance, one questions the author's ability to make out his case. At the end of the essay, one is less sceptical. How Mr. Hearn's contention will be received by the perfervid religionist it were futile to prophesy. The open-minded reader, whether convinced or not, will feel that at least "Neo-Buddhism" will henceforth be to him more than a mere word.

If this is the most important essay, as to us it appears, the most interesting is that which concerns "Faces in Japanese Art." On this subject, also, Buddhism has a curious bearing, and the question of race tendencies, as modified by religion, is discussed in illuminating words. Aside from this, Mr. Hearn's explanation of that principle of Oriental art which seeks reality by subordinating the individual to the type is reinforced by certain interesting illustrations of the scientific value of the method. The process of reasoning by which the Japanese artist reaches his results may not commend itself to every realist, but a critic cannot safely minimize the fact, made very clear in this essay, that "loathsome conventionality," wholly neglectful of detail, has—in Japan, at least,—obvious and accepted meaning.

Yet it would be hardly fair to Mr. Hearn to permit the impression that he takes the stand of ardent disputation when putting forward suggestions like these. Indeed his manner, as we have hinted, is noticeably temperate—more temperate, perhaps, than odious comparisons made in preceding essays had taught us to expect. He is less earnest, more determined, than in the time of his "Glimpses." And as his mood has refined, so also his style has sublimed. He has measurably overcome the temptation to preciosity. He sees deeply, he thinks clearly, and he gains the effect of warmth and color without sacrificing either precision or force.

WILD NEIGHBORS

WILD NEIGHBORS. OUT-DOOR STUDIES IN THE UNITED STATES.—By Ernest Ingersoll. The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

MR. ERNEST INGERSOLL has had wide opportunity for spying upon wild animals in their native haunts, as well as in the cages of their captivity; moreover, his knowledge of what may be called the

science of observation, gives him a most interesting deftness in culling from other writers who have gone farther and seen more than he has.

In this book he is at his best in point of style, as a writer is apt to be when his subject fascinates him and at the same time lies well under his control. It is a book sketches in natural history (quite free from the usual dry-as-dust features) presenting many curious and interesting details of animal life and habit. Students far advanced in natural history will find little in the book that is new to them; but the majority of intelligent readers are sure of many delightful surprises from page to page.

The account of the puma comes near being a perfect piece of straight-forward reporting, in which the character, habits, and routine of life of our great American cat are set forth with admirable cleverness. The same may be said of the chapter entitled "A Woodland Codger," giving a most engaging view of the porcupine at home, with some instances of his fretful prickle-stickings, and some lightly sketched details of his mode of life in the tree-tops. An essay on the "Service of Tails" has in it many curious facts about the caudal member of birds, fishes, and quadrupeds, and we dare say that New Englanders will be charmed with Mr. Ingersoll's facetious description of the woodchuck, while Southerners will divide their delight at the color-line between the chapters on the 'coon and the 'possum; but in treating of the skunk, we fear that Mr. Ingersoll has set himself before an audience, few if not select, albeit he does what he can to fumigate his subject discreetly. The squirrels, badgers, coyotes, in a wild state, and many other animals domesticated or in cages, are pleasantly studied and described.

Mr. Ingersoll's book will commend itself, we should think, to those having control of reading-circles connected with schools and country clubs. The illustrations are fairly good. The frontispiece is a very good picture of a gray squirrel; but old zip 'coon, on the branch, at page 273, lacks the indescribable countenance of a "little brother of the bear," although an excellent picture in other respects. The best thing in the book is the group of coyotes, on page 60, from a photograph of mounted specimens in the National Museum at Washington, and the chapter on "The Hound of the Plains" gives a notably fine description of the coyote's despicable, yet truly entertaining, habits of life. The chapter on "Animal Training and Animal Intelligence," although interesting, does not come properly into the book's field, as it is not about "Wild Neighbors" and certainly not an "Out-door Study," nor can any fair imagination connect "Elephants loading logs upon cars in India" with "Out-door studies in the United States." Still, the chapter, being full of information cognate to what the rest of the book is meant to convey, does not seem too far out of place for acceptance.

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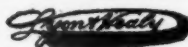
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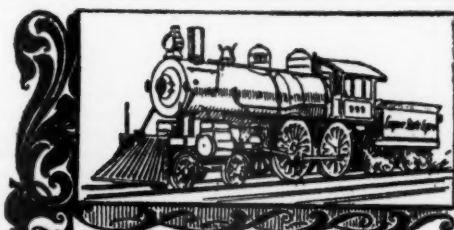
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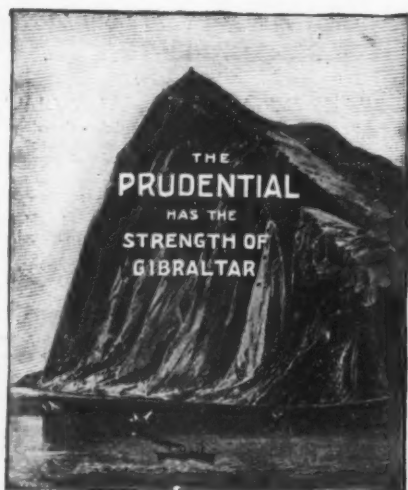


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SUPPLEMENT TO

The Chap-Book

Vol. VII, No. 11

Semi-Monthly

October 15, 1897

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL



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"THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL, for its sincerity of purpose and dignified fulfillment of its aim, so far, should be highly commended. The third number contains some exquisite illustrations. * * * Some good reviews and notes follow the articles, and a really useful magazine, in a fair way to become well established, is thus kept on its course."—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Vol. VII, No. 11

October 15, 1897

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GREAT is local color, and many are its prophets. They also are various, for the ways of attaining this quality in fiction are not more numerous than are the methods for failing to secure it. The volumes whose names head this review represent a good part of the season's contribution to the great problem of picturing America. Geographically, they range from the Alleghanies to the Pacific, and as far south as Virginia, Arkansas, and Arizona. They are all by men, and their number has revived a fading hope that, after all, men as well as women are to have a hand in the artistic description of the West and its life.

MR. HAMLIN GARLAND'S volume, *Wayside Courtships*, is on the whole the most important and most distinguished. That one should be able even to suggest distinction as a quality of Mr. Garland's work shows how far he has progressed from the crudities of his earlier days. Nothing can ever give him a sense of humor, but its lack is now less apparent. Even as late as in *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly* Mr. Garland excited the laughter of the East by his ingenuous wonder at a Chicago audience at the Thomas concert, where all the men were in full evening dress suits,—or was it swallow-tails? There is nothing of that sort now, and in spite of some extraordinary dialect which he puts into the mouth of an Englishman, it may be said that Mr. Garland at last knows his whole field. In all the details of description, in every line of his dialogue, and unerring in the atmosphere of these

stories, he is true beyond the possibility of challenge. Not that the merit of the tales is equal. The earlier stories we consider better than anything he has done before, and this is very high praise. The inclusion of the last part of the book seems to us ill-advised. Some of the stories are mere notes from a novelist's sketch-book; others, while not bad, are distinctly below the level of their author's best. And in the interests of everyone we forbear to speak at length of a short but quite hysterical prologue.

The volume thus pruned is the strongest, freshest, cleanest, we have read for a long time. *Wayside Courtships* is an accurate description of its subject-matter. The protagonist of each story, generally just out of college, or perhaps still there, goes into some strange town of the middle West, and there finds a wife. Going as preacher, school teacher, farm laborer, or carpenter, the hero with his sweetheart represents broadly the youth of the region, and the story of their wooing is the synthesis of Western life. Mr. Garland will be thought by unsympathetic critics to make material surroundings squalid and speech coarsely common. But the best stories of his volume have qualities which carry them quite beyond the range of such criticism. "A Preacher's Love Story" gives a story of a revival which is extraordinarily vivid, and which has a fervor and a spiritual uplift that distinguish it completely from the realism which goes *ventre-à-terre*. And "A Stop-over at Tyre" is as pretty a love-story as one can wish for. This volume at its best convinces us afresh that Mr. Garland is pre-eminent in his special field.

GEOGRAPHICALLY Mr. Charles K. Lush and his novel *The Federal Judge* demand comparison with Mr. Garland's work. Where the older novelist writes of Lodi and Chicago, the novice lays his scenes in Bowerville and Milwaukee. The recent discussions concerning the power of the federal judiciary and its right to interfere in strikes by means of injunctions give marked timeliness to Mr. Lush's volume. In it Judge Dunn of Bowerville, puritanic in honesty and obstinacy, and populistic in his distrust of corporations has the fine fibre of his honor weakened until he actually grants a railroad an injunction forbidding its employees to leave their work. The study of political and financial intrigues in national and municipal government, and the subtly degenerating influence of city life is worthy of attention. The freshness of the subject and Mr. Lush's evident sincerity and earnestness are very welcome. But it is upon events and facts rather than upon human character that he has grasp. As a mere story-teller he fails. Broadly speaking, the picture he draws of these Western communities is convincing, but with individuals and their emotions he does not prove his case. At the crisis of

his story the motives of his characters seem inadequate. And he needlessly cheapens his effect by dragging in a deserted wife to confront his villain at the last. His volume, we believe, marks a *debut*, and if Mr. Lush's next book should show the improvement which we have a right to expect he may possibly have to be reckoned with as a real factor in that "Western school" literature of which it is so often our pleasure to read in the newspapers.

IN *Wolfville* Mr. Lewis is supposed to describe the cowboy as he is. In *The Story of the Cowboy* Mr. Hough actually does so, although his book is not fiction. Before venturing farther, we must admit that *Wolfville* is a very diverting book, and that read in small installments it will make almost any one laugh. But it has very little relation to literature, and perhaps less to life. It is a very successful example of a kind of humor which, we think, is peculiarly American, mock serious bombast, with a constant humorous suggestion. This extravagance of speech is the gift of every inhabitant of *Wolfville*, and while in real life occasional pleasant individuals display it, we decline to believe it the possession of any whole community. *Wolfville* is a place where no one does anything but drink and dance and gamble and shoot and lynch and be kind to orphans and women. There is not the slightest suggestion of anyone's working in the whole volume, except, perhaps, two laundresses. The incidents are exactly those which Bret Harte in his earlier days used. But the humor is fresh and somewhat grim and always suggestive of the variety stage. *Wolfville* should have a great vogue.

MR. HOUGH knows the *Wolfville* side of western existence, but his volume gives us the other as well. In his own words "it shows the cowboy not as a devil-may-care, roistering fellow, full of strange oaths and uncouth conduct, but as he should perhaps better be seen as a steady, hard-working, methodical man, able in his calling, faithful in his duties, and prompt in their fulfillment." Just this is what the average easterner needed to be told about ranch life, and anyone who reads Mr. Hough's comprehensive volume will have a clear idea of what the cattle trade really is. The book traces the history of the industry from the time of the early Spanish herders in the southwest, follows it up the "long trail" into Montana, Wyoming, and even the British possessions. What ranches have been and are in every region, how cows have died of thirst and perished of cold, how they are "rounded up" and branded, how cowboys dress and what they eat—in short every detail which could be desired is given. Best of all, Mr. Hough has the keenest love for the open air, and manages to give his readers a sense of what he calls the "Homeric largeness" of the life.

THREE PARTNERS is a book about which little can be said that has not been said of every book of Bret Harte's for many years. With the impulse to write at its minimum and the facility for composition at its maximum Mr. Harte does as well as anyone can expect. A man who is publishing his thirty-third volume of western tales, and who has lived in London clubs during the production of most of them, might naturally be expected to have lost the vividness of his memories. In fact, Mr. Harte's present work demands no serious treatment. Nor indeed does it get any except at times in England. It is unfortunate that circumstances force him to continue writing.

Mr. Harte is too practiced a hand to write exactly a dull and uninteresting novel. And he is wise enough to put only a little of the rough life of the mining camp into his story, which is for the greater part a tale of well-dressed and prosperous Californians who might conceivably live as well in a hundred other places. The three partners "make their strike" in the first chapter, and their loyalty to each other through the long book is the one thing which suggests Mr. Harte's old power of touching the quick of emotions. The story is a well-planned one of stolen gold and kidnapped children, silly wives and loyal husbands, brutal financiering sharks and chivalrous romantic gamblers. Its only fault is that the plot is rather too cunningly contrived and at times difficult to follow. It is not thoroughly uninteresting although it is thoroughly unworthy of its author.

WITH Mr. Fox and Mr. Read we come into the South. *Hell-fer-Sartain* consists of but 119 pages, and it has needed thick paper and luxurious margins to give it the semblance of a book. But we know of no other volume of equal size which can compare for a moment with Mr. Fox's in the completeness with which it describes for the reader the life of a whole community. The stories in the volumes are so short that they will be called "sketches." But they are short because Mr. Fox has made them so by a truly remarkable power of compression. He can even put the story into the mouth of one of his characters and make that character seem garrulous, while as a matter of fact the tale is being told with wonderful conciseness. The Cumberlands are not known to the novel reader, and the life there is picturesque. With the exception of the unfortunate piece of sentimentality with which it ends, the volume has the raciest tang we have found in any recent book of American fiction. The local color which Mr. Fox employs is a superior and unadulterated pigment.

If he can publish a volume or two more as good as *Hell-fer-Sartain*, there will be no question of his "arrival."

WITH *Old Ebenezer* Mr. Opie Read's "select works" as published by Messrs. Laird & Lee number six volumes. What would be the figure of his complete collected works we are unable to say. In view of this fact we doubt whether we should be justified in welcoming Mr. Read as a "promising young writer," but that is precisely what he seems to us to be. Promising, because *Bolango*, which immediately preceded *Old Ebenezer* gave us considerable discomfort, and because the new volume is almost worth reading. Mr. Read presumably would be little grateful to us were we to establish for his benefit a "school of fiction" but we make the offer in good part. If Mr. Read will forward us the manuscript of the volume which he is probably publishing next week we will read it, as well as the one intended for week after next, and we are confident of being able to eliminate in an hour the greater part of their faults. For Mr. Read's literary shortcomings are largely the result of pure slovenliness. His dialogue, for example, is always stiff, but in almost every case if he would give it a second reading and alter a word here and there at the dictate of ordinary common sense it might be made quite natural. *Old Ebenezer* is needlessly exasperating for the first few chapters.

A decent, vigorous young northerner named Warren is starting as a lawyer in the sleepy little town of *Old Ebenezer*. He needs one hundred dollars, and the banker of the town quite naturally refuses to loan it to him. The next evening a crowd of young people propose the innocent diversion of a mock marriage. Warren and the banker's daughter are chosen, and, to the consternation of all, the marriage turns out to be legal. The only way to annul the ceremony is by a petition to the legislature signed by both parties. To this document Warren promptly refuses his signature, and Mr. Read offers no explanation. Mr. Read admires his hero, whom the reader is despising as an utter cad. But in a little while Mr. Read lazily proffers an explanation which makes the whole situation at once reasonable and interesting.

Warren is refusing because the girl wants him to, fearing that she will be forced into marriage with a man she hates. The story, after having thus exhausted all patience, proceeds simply and naturally to tell how these two gradually fall in love and ultimately decide to make the mock marriage a real one. The story is rational all through after the first false start, and in spite of crudities of style is nice in feeling and refined in its humor.

Mr. Read is read widely, and he is published in London, and by many he is considered an adequate western novelist. It will therefore be interesting to many who are following the development of native fiction to read him. *Old Ebenezer* will not be bad to begin with, for it even suggests that some day Mr. Read may write a good book.

THE MARTIAN: AN APOL- OGY

THE MARTIAN.—By George Du Maurier. 12mo. Harper Bros. \$1.75.

IT is perhaps, fairly safe to assert that of the brethren of the reviewing craft into whose hands *The Martian* has recently been placed for professional purposes, at least one-third have approached the task with distasteful impatience. It is impossible to read *The Martian* with that fresh, clandestine pleasure that one felt when *Peter Ibbetson* slouched along his sentimental journey in *Harper's Monthly*; the intervening hysteria over *Trilby*, the nauseating wallowing of the Great American Public in its own mawkishness, has caused among the decently sensitive a revulsion of feeling which, while wholly unjust to Du Maurier, is, nevertheless, too natural and too strong to be overcome so soon. In a dozen years, when certain shoe-polishes, and girdles, and even remote American townships are forgotten, and when hurdy-gurdies no longer perform miracles of execution with the jejune song of an obscure Member of Congress, we may, perhaps, take down from our shelves three dusty volumes, with most delightful, badly drawn illustrations, and abandon ourselves to a newly charmed reading of the most boyish, most lovable, and poorest writer who ever won even what the Irish patriot called temporary immortality. Meanwhile, we had far rather put *The Martian* up on the shelf to grow mellow with the other two volumes than review it. For in addition to a confessed impatience, there is a distinct feeling that the book is inferior to its predecessors,—and one has a vague uncertainty as to whether this feeling may not be coloured by the revulsion of sentiment just explained. Furthermore, when everybody who has had the slenderest claim on the time of some patient type-setter, has for the past two years said everything on the subject of George Du Maurier that could possibly be said until Time shall have stepped in and properly focused him in perspective, further spilling of ink seems gratuitous. Mr. Henry James, kindest and most acute of critics, with peculiar advantages, must have found further writing difficult; for in Mr. James's performance of the last pious offices over his friend in the September *Harper's* not even the most ardent Jacobite can take the slightest pleasure. However, after these more than ample apologies, we confess that we are in for it, and take refuge in the trite and the obvious.

The Martian is a singular synthesis of *Peter Ibbetson* and *Trilby*. Just as in *Peter Ibbetson* the best and most charming part is that which deals with a happy group of delightful Frankingle children, so the first and best written part of *The Martian* treats of the Parisian school life of an almost equally delightful batch of Frankingle boys. In *Trilby* we have a heroine who entered life with an ambiguous surname and left it the most famous singer in Europe; in *The*

Martian we have Trilby's masculine counterpart, Barty Josslyn, whose birth was necessarily omitted from Debrett, and whose death eclipsed the gaiety of the two nations in which he had won a stupendous, bilingual, literary fame,—*en amateur*. Trilby was assisted in her career by the hypnotic influence of a not exceptionally prepossessing representative of the *peuple choisi*; Barty, by the magnetic dictates of an invisible, web-footed lady who had formerly inhabited Mars. Trilby, nearly as much French as English, fell in love with little Billee, whose fine, remote strain of Jewish blood fascinated Du Maurier; Barty, with a lineage and character not wholly dissimilar to Trilby's, fell in love with Leah Gibson, whose Jewish ancestor (Du Maurier having found the breed so to his liking) was more immediate. Barty, however, married, became intensely prosperous, and died happy. Incidentally, Barty, like Peter Ibbetson, had dreams, during which the lady from Mars had pretty much her own way.

To be sure, so bald an outline of *The Martian* is as cruel as was a similar outline which the captious Fadladeen gave to Lallah Rookh of "The Veiled Prophet," but it serves two purposes: it shows that Du Maurier, having already given the best that was in him, had no resource left but to repeat himself, and that if his books succeed in being charming—as no one this side of sanity would deny—it is in spite of the supernatural element rather than because of it. The only excuse for repeating which is that the truth of the proposition becomes trebly assured after reading *The Martian*.

Apart from this, the chief defect of this posthumous book is the extreme scrappiness of the style,—a scrappiness far more noticeable here than in Du Maurier's former books. On the other hand, its chief merit is that in Barty Josslyn you have at last the author's apology for himself, one so endearing, in spite of its little conscious vanities, so bravely and trustingly written, that you close the volume loving George Du Maurier more than you did before (and if you are one of those who read books to get at "the Man Behind the Book," this is saying a great deal). Finally, you will like the book vastly better on a second reading,—and if you will consider of how few books you can say this nowadays, you will confess that, after all, you have very little to quarrel with, indeed have much to be grateful for, in *The Martian*.

MRS. JARLEY'S SUCCESSOR.

UNCLE BERNAC.—By A. Conan Doyle. 12mo.
Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

THE spectacle of Dr. A. Conan Doyle masquerading as an up-to-date Mrs. Jarley is not one that will appeal to either his friends or admirers. Instead of writing the type of story we have come to expect

from him—where his skill and ingenuity are well marked; instead of making plays like the *Story of Waterloo*—in which his touch of genius shows most clearly; instead of these, Dr. Doyle has been satisfied to write *Uncle Bernac*, a mere catalogue of wax figures, remarkable neither for novelty nor picturesqueness, and strung together on the flimsiest of pretexts. And the worst of it is that these same wax figures have been exhibited by everyone else for four years or more. Indeed, if Dr. Doyle felt irresistibly impelled to contribute to the Napoleonic craze, it would have been better to do it when others did, instead of waiting until we were sick to death of the whole thing.

Now, however, he has published his version—sandwiched in between two scraps of a stereotyped romance. These remnants of a story have obviously nothing to do with the book itself. They are merely intended as a sugar coating to make the rest palatable, but they only make things worse. In truth, it would have been a fairer thing to paint frankly the picture of Napoleon, and let the work stand on it, instead of seducing us by a romantic beginning and a wholly delusive title into reading what—as a story—was not worth our while.

The book begins with the adventures of Louis de Laval, a French lad, driven to England through the royalist sympathies of his family. His father's estate had been confiscated, and were now in the hands of his uncle, Bernac, a man of shiftable convictions and selfish devotion. Louis, urged by his uncle, leaves his sweetheart in England and goes to France. After a hair-breadth escape of some vividness, he finds himself in the court of Napoleon. From this moment on to the last chapter Louis de Laval is merely a secondary character, and Uncle Bernac is nothing at all. Napoleon and his court are the central figures, and Dr. Doyle gives page after page of descriptions reflected from the memoirs of the empire. This is the wax figure part.

"There is Ney, with the red head, and there is Lefebvre, with his singular mouth, and Bernadotte, with the beak of a bird of prey . . . and that is Rapp, with the round bullet head. He is talking to Junot, the handsome dark man with the whiskers. These poor soldiers are very unhappy."

"Why so?" I asked.

"Because they are all men who have risen from nothing. This society and etiquette terrifies them much more than all the dangers of war. . . . Look at Rapp, with his twenty wounds, endeavoring to exchange little delicate drolleries with that young lady. There, you see, he has said something which would have passed very well with a vivandiere, but it has made her fly to her mamma, and he is scratching his head, for he cannot imagine how he has offended her."

"Who is the beautiful woman with the white dress and the tiara of diamonds?" I asked.

"That is Madame Murat, who is the sister of

the Emperor. Caroline is beautiful, but she is not as pretty as her sister Marie, whom you see over yonder in the corner. Do you see the tall, stately, dark-eyed old lady with whom she is talking? That is Napoleon's mother—"

And so on, over one hundred and fifty pages. Incidentally there is a love story, in which Louis's cousin—the daughter of Uncle Bernac—figures. In the end, after various vicissitudes, everything turns out agreeably. The book is the unworthiest Dr. Doyle has yet given us.

We can think of no reason for this change of occupation on Dr. Doyle's part, unless it be a financial one. And we must remind him that, although literature is at best a lottery, the showman's business is still more so.

VIVID SKETCHES

THE EXPRESS MESSENGER, AND OTHER TALES OF THE RAIL.—By Cy Warman. Charles Scribner's Sons.

ONE takes up with sympathy a book in which a man who has worked with his hands has honestly tried to express the spirit of his craft. It may usually be thought sufficient if the result is graphic and sincere, and if in a literary way it is unobtrusive and negative. Of the eleven tales of railway life which Mr. Warman has furnished, this much and even more may be said, and, almost paradoxically, it is because Mr. Warman does rather better work than one has any reason to expect that one is a little disappointed.

The total effect is inadequate; there is a tantalizing lack of form and of dramatic conclusiveness in the stories; they are mere detachments of incidents, haltingly put together. One grieves over the fragmentary and tentative use of what would be admirable material for a writer of equal knowledge, and with an organizing and constructive faculty in the back of his brain. One regrets the clumsy, raw technique, and is irritated by the hitchings, backings, and shiftings, as the writer puffs about, collecting the different parts of his story. For coherence he has slight regard, and his use of the first person in narration is as irresponsible and erratic as Thackeray's. There is an instance where the story-teller, an old engineer, presumably ignorant of the whereabouts and purposes of an Indian princess who has "laid down" (sic!) to die, drifts into the absolute manner. "She sat by the river," says this remarkable seer, "for a long time, trying to make up her mind to die, but she could not. There was a certain amount of mystery about the river, and she liked to look upon its quiet face. Where did it come from and where was it going? Then, in her wild way, she likened her life to the river."

Psychological analysis, it may be inferred, is not Mr. Warman's strong point, but it is fair to say that

the vein of commonness uncovered in the above passage is infrequent. What he can do admirably is to describe action, whether it is a battle with Indians, or the pursuit of a runaway locomotive, or the crash of trains on a narrow-gauge track. In his treatment of such themes his hand is free and sure, and the instances in which he falls a victim to self-consciousness can be numbered on ten fingers. He has, too, a sense of the value of color and atmosphere. Colloquial, unpracticed, and unliterary as he is, his aptness and picturesqueness of phrase are often startling, and the reader soon puts away the uncharitable idea that they are accidental. He is guilty of such gross violence to the language as "he seemed about as happy as a man can get and live," but a writer who sums up the liabilities of railway mail clerks thus:—"their car is coupled to the locomotive, and they take whatever is left when the grim reaper gets through with the engine-men"—or who describes the rear car of a vanishing train as "puckering up in the distance", has a native force and originality capable, with training, of distinct literary achievement.

Mr. Warman's book, therefore, is to be recommended as a collection, not of finished stories, but of vivid and virile sketches. It is a pity that there is so little humor in it.

CLARK RUSSELL

THE TWO CAPTAINS.—By W. Clark Russell. 16mo. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

PIRATES, ruffians, buccaneers, mutinies, storms, and shipwrecks, and a beautiful maiden in love with somebody; that is the receipt for a Clark Russell novel, and *The Two Captains* is no exception to the rule. Perhaps there are more pirates and murders and fewer shipwrecks than usual, and the beautiful maiden's love plays a minor part; but it is the same old story of the sea with the smell of salt water strong upon it, with sunsets and storms and scudding waves painted in the stirring style Mr. Russell has made so thoroughly his own. But if the charm is somewhat gone from the warmed-over dish, one cannot exactly cavil at a writer who has made the sea so thoroughly his province. The two captains are honest merchantmen gone wrong. That is to say, they are tempted by poverty to assume the rôle of pirates. They rob the elderly maiden aunt of one of them of her plate to provide the wherewithal to fit out their piratical brig; then they sail the high seas to plunder and burn, and in the course of their adventures they capture a West Indian bearing among her passengers the beautiful maiden. She is a long time coming—half the book, in fact, is passed before she appears. She turns out however to be the cousin of one of the captains, and the other promptly falls in love with her. It is never quite

clear whether she reciprocates the mad passion of the young and dashing Irish captain, but there is no room for doubt that the ill-favored captain with the scarred face does not mean to have his fair cousin fall prey to his partner in crime. There are schemes and mutinies, and the old captain kills the young captain in the presence of the fainting maiden, and he in turn kills himself on the appearance of the inevitable man-of-war, and the maiden is left with no one to love—if indeed she ever loved any one unless it be the naval lieutenant who rescues her from the pirate ship. But that is not told, and will probably serve as the theme of Mr. Russell's next story of the sea.

There must be many who never tire of the odor of salt and the swash of the waves, else Mr. Russell's mill of fiction would long ere now have run dry of readers.

THE PATIENT WEST

TALES OF THE SUN-LAND.—By Verner Z. Reed.
Continental Publishing Co. \$1.25.

IT is odd that some of those against whom the editors conspire have never thought to think how much larger and more diverting books they could make of what they do *not* know. Particularly some that deal in local color.

The writer of Western stories is born with a silver spoon. Of course he knows, and of course we do not. The West is fearfully and wonderfully made, and about it "everything goes." The British novelist who peoples Manhattan with hot-potters and giraffes, or makes the Bostonians talk Yiddish, shall hear from us; but beyond the Missouri every Jonah is sufficient unto his whale. To what Mr. Reed himself can believe on his own range, his book is a cloud of witnesses. Probably "A Civilized Heathen" marks his climax; but several other tales give it a close shave. There are on the outskirts of every Indian tribe a few degenerates who talk some English and use it chiefly to impart information to tourists who cannot converse with their fathers. "Petra" seems to have had an uncommonly satisfactory "audience."

Unlike many illustrious predecessors who learned by a through ticket, Mr. Reed lives in his "Sun-Land." This is doubtless by choice; but he speaks English of divine right. His value as a guide is much the same in both fields. One may have spent a life-time among people who talk English, and still say: "Oh, thou fools! thou fools, who dare question the wisdom of your holy king!" (p. 141) and the like. One may inhabit a country as long, and still know as little about it. Mr. Reed has a comfortable conviction that all our aborigines talked Spanish (as ungrammatical as his own) before America was discovered. The numerous tribes of which he talks so familiarly speak tongues as different as

French from German; but Indian words sound wise, and he delimits all vocabularies with the dozen or so of mutilated words he has acquired from some translated Lo in Colorado. Little matters of five hundred miles become a day's stroll, in Mr. Reed's original geography of Arizona, New Mexico, and the Southerly lands; and history simply takes to its heels at his approach. And if Mr. Reed would conduct someone to his alleged "inscription" in the Grand Cañon, he would find more money in it than literature seems to promise. Fiction must be plausible; but it must not be circumstantially mendacious. Mr. Reed has an unsafe habit of making facts to bolster his tales (as on pp. 61, 91, *et passim*).

Constructively, the stories are a very weak solution of Rider Haggard—with especial emphasis on the local color, which is especially untrue. Very much above the dime novel (except in language), they are very much below what we have a right to expect in a bound book. There are no such Indians and no such Mexicans as Mr. Reed describes. He seems to be young enough to have time for learning his field and his tools better, and for doing better work. He does himself, apparently, an injustice with premature type; for he has feeling. And when he learns his aborigines he will do well to take a lesson in rhetoric from them. No Indian ever talks hysteria. But many able persons feel that romance in general and aborigines in particular can be translated only with a style-temperature of 104°.

THE SERVANT'S HANDBOOK TO COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE

FROM A GIRL'S POINT OF VIEW.—By Lilian Bell.
16mo. Harper & Bros. \$1.25.

IT is perhaps fitting that a volume as wholly vulgar and underbred as Miss Lilian Bell's *From a Girl's Point of View* should be written in a style more suggestive of the kitchen than the drawing-room. But it is nevertheless surprising that such a style should ever have been employed for the dissemination of instruction in the ways of polite society.

We have now had four books from Miss Bell. The latest, unlike the others, made its first appearance in the pages of a popular magazine, and it is conceivable that Miss Bell—with deliberation—wrote down to what she considered the level of her *Ladies' Home Journal* readers. In that case we can only say that she must have had a lower opinion of their intelligence than even the *Chap-Book*, for she has undoubtedly surpassed in triteness, cheapness, and vulgarity all other contributors. On other grounds we cannot reconcile the present volume with its predecessors. Heretofore, Miss Bell has given us stories which were distinguished by quickness of thought, facility of expression, and

occasional wit. Her first book, *The Love Affairs of an Old Maid*, was extremely clever and amusing. *A Little Sister of the Wilderness* was altogether different and yet notable among the books of its time. *The Under Side of Things*, in a still different vein, only emphasized the promise of good work to come. Yet Miss Bell's latest book is hopeless. The brilliancy of previous work figures merely as attempted smartness; ease of expression is succeeded by an enduring triteness, and careful construction gives way to unlimited talk. There is no repression, no reserve. The book is as blatant as an auctioneer.

"It must be lovely not to agonize and plan and worry to have everything the best of its kind," Miss Bell exclaims, but it is impossible that she should have struggled in the achievement of this book. It was written for "sales-ladies" by one thoroughly in sympathy with their tastes and aims, and by them it will doubtless be appreciated. To others, it is ill-mannered rubbish, and Miss Bell's closing words will appeal with all the force of inspired prophecy: "For we shall not pass that way again."

BY BOUTET DE MONVEL

JOAN OF ARC.—By Boutet de Monvel. With forty-three illustrations. Folio. The Century Co. \$3.00.

THE Century Company has done a service not soon to be forgotten by the parents and children of America in bringing out in such beautiful form the story of Joan of Arc. M. Boutet de Monvel's books have never before been issued in this country, and with the French text it was impossible that they should attain here any measure of the popularity which they so thoroughly deserve.

In this volume the story of Joan's life is told sweetly and simply, and the pictures are deserving of the highest praise. They have all the precision, delicacy and charm of drawing and coloring, for which M. Boutet de Monvel's work is already known, and they give evidences of his advance in effectiveness. His *japonerie* is more marked than ever, and with this change comes a distinct increase in the vigor of his work. His color, as always, in flat tints, was formerly in a light faint key. It is now deeper, richer, and stronger. In the battle scenes his drawing approximates more than ever Japanese style, yet the feeling is always Occidental and Mediæval. He does not copy Japanese methods, but adapts them, in the best sense of the word, to his own uses.



IN AIR

THE STATUE IN THE AIR.—By Caroline Eaton Le Conte. 18mo. The Macmillan Company. \$0.75.

THIS is a commingling of fantasy, rhapsody, allegory, and pastoral after the manner of Watteau, treated with the pseudo-classicism of Queen Anne's time, with a deal of metaphysics and sufficient confusion to leave but a single clear impression: that the author has aimed too high and shares with her readers the book's bewilderment. There appears to be a foundation of dualistic myth, no less venerable a tradition than that of Typhon and Osiris or Ormuzd and Ahriman, above which Eros and Apollo in all their beauty are to be found fighting for life against Troglodytes, harpies, chaos, and old night. Here and there are passages which show beauty, poetic fancy and graceful imagination, but they are too infrequent to give the book the breath of life.

THE LADY BETTY STAIR.

THE HISTORY OF THE LADY BETTY STAIR.—By Mollie Elliott Seawell. 12mo. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

MISS MOLLIE ELLIOTT SEAWELL has written a very pretty, dainty, little story, entitled *The History of the Lady Betty Stair*. It is not a book to make any one's reputation, or to occasion the slightest stir in the literary world; yet it is the sort of thing that Alfred de Musset or Ludovic Halévy might have done and been loudly praised for. Miss Seawell's style is hardly comparable to theirs, however, for its chief distinction is its fluency. The scene is laid, for the most part, in Edinburgh, where the Comte d'Artois—later to become Charles X of France—was holding miniature court. Lady Betty Stair and one de Bourmont were in the suite, and very properly fell in love with each other. Through the small villainies of another courtier they were separated, and for forty years they did not meet—each, however, guarding the tender feeling for the other. By that time de Bourmont had become a general and Lady Betty had entered a convent.

For its simplicity and unpretentiousness Miss Seawell's story is welcome; it is a trifle sentimental and watery, but in the main it comes as a great relief after the sex-novels which the "lady novelists" have so generally given us.

MISS WILKINS' VERSE

ONCE UPON A TIME; AND OTHER CHILD-VERSES.—By Mary E. Wilkins. 12mo. Lotbrop Publishing Company.

IN following her successes in prose the world came near losing sight of Miss Wilkins's poetical gifts. The evidences of these, scattered as they were heretofore through the children's

magazines of the day, have, it is to be feared, escaped the attention of even her warmest admirers, leaving the volume to come upon them as a pleasant surprise. To us it seems that America is raised at a leap to the level England has recently set in the child-verses of Mrs. Alice Meynell and Mr. Norman Gale—Miss Wilkins doing all that they find in them to do, and something more. It is unexpected, and yet those who had not known the author of *Pembroke* for a poet could have predicted her capacity. Her succinctness, clarity, felicity, sympathy, and truth pointed to worthy verse no less surely than distinguished her prose.

All the qualities of her tales are apparent in Miss Wilkins's poems. There is the ability to turn the traditions of earlier days in New England to the best account, as in *Caraway*, or in *The Tithing-Man*, this latter the lamentable story of the good little girl who inadvertently dozed in meeting, only to hear the birds singing on her way home:

"'There's the little maid whom the tithing-man
Caught fast asleep in the house of God.'"

There is, moreover, a genuine turn for imagination and romance, as in the pretty story of *The Fairy Flag* and *The Ballad of the Blacksmith's Sons*, and much delicate human interest, as in *The Spoiled Darling*, and more which must be denied mention here. And always is there evident the keenest appreciation of what appeals to the child—of smaller or larger growth. These talents are joined to a fine sense of melody. Miss Wilkins obtains a number of admirably novel effects. *A-Ber-rying* Mr. Francis Thompson would call "*A Metrical Caprice*":

"Now Susan Jane a-berrying goes,
With her dipper and pail a-berrying goes—
Now Susan Jane creeps dolefully home, and mourn-
fully hangs her head;
For she tumbled down and bumped her nose,
She tore her frock and she stubbed her toes,
And the blueberries all were green, alas! and the
blackberries all were red!"

This will serve also as a nice example of the poet's pathos, always mingled with humor, which with her takes the place of the "Get them to die in June" sentiment of much of the verse designed for children. But best of all is the real distinction with which Miss Wilkins treats matters worthy of it. The epitaph at the conclusion of *Little Boy Blue*, as perfect in its way as Stevenson's *Requiem* in its, is an instance:

"'Here lieth a sweet little maid, aged ten:
Robins and violets come again.'"

Or the concluding stanza of *The Beggar King*, after the ragged potentate has married his child to the Emperor:

"The Beggar King looked toward the town:
'Farewell, my daughter dear!'
The east was gray—he rode away
And swallowed down a tear."

Here, as elsewhere, sincerity and simplicity go hand in hand.

BOOKS RECEIVED

- GLEANINGS IN BUDDHA FIELDS.—By Lafcadio Hearn. 12mo. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.
THREE PARTNERS, OR THE BIG STRIKE ON HEAVY TREE HILL.—By Bret Harte. 12mo. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.
THE FEDERAL JUDGE.—By Charles K. Lush. 12mo. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.
THE STORY OF THE COWBOY.—By E. Hough. 12mo. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.
SHEILAH McLEOD.—By Guy Boothby. 18mo. F. A. Stokes & Co. \$0.75.
VAN HOFF, OR THE NEW FAUST.—By Alfred Smythe. 12mo. American Publishers' Corporation. \$1.00.
KARMA, A STORY OF EARLY BUDDHISM.—By Paul Carus. Third edition. Illustrated and printed by T. Hasegawa, Tokyo, Japan, for The Open Court Publishing Co.
WILD NEIGHBORS.—By Ernest Ingersoll. 12mo. The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.
THE EYE OF ISTAR.—By William Le Queux. 12mo. F. A. Stokes & Co. \$1.25.
JOAN OF ARC.—By Boutet de Monvel. With 48 Illustrations. Folio, oblong. The Century Co. \$3.00.
THE CENTURY BOOK OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By Elbridge S. Brooks. 4to. The Century Co. \$1.50.
MY STUDIO NEIGHBORS.—By Wm. Hamilton Gibson. 8vo. Harper & Bros. \$1.50.
ENGLISH LANDS, LETTERS, AND KINGS. THE LATER GEORGES TO VICTORIA.—By Donald G. Mitchell. 12mo. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.
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